

WIT and MIRTH;
OR
PILLS

TO PURGE
Melancholy;

BEING
A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper
TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument:
Most of the SONGS being new Ser.

V O L. III.



L O N D O N :

Printed by W. Pearson, for J. Tonson, at
SHAKESPEAR'S Head, over-against
Catherine Street in the Strand, 1719.

W. Musgrave.



A N

Alphabetical TABLE

OF THE

SONGS and POEMS

Contain'd in this

B O O K.

A

Page

<i>Wake my Lute, arise my String,</i>	35
<i>Adzooks ches went the other Day,</i>	41
<i>I walk'd forth one Summer's Day,</i>	54
<i>Beggar got a Beadle,</i>	63
<i>you that lov'd our Queen alive,</i>	76
<i>I sate at my Spinning-Wheel,</i>	88
<i>Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,</i>	100
<i>sad Amyntor in a Meadow lay,</i>	159
<i>I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning,</i>	169
<i>lieu to the Pleasures and Follies of,</i>	179
<i>Pox of the fooling and plotting,</i>	186
<i>Curse on all Cares,</i>	191
<i>Pox of dull mortals, of the grave,</i>	194
<i>May in all her youthful Dress,</i>	199
<i>gentle Breeze from the Lavinian Sea,</i>	213
<i>Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and,</i>	221

A 2

A

An Alphabetical TABLE.

*Oh Jenny, gin your Eyes do kill,
At London che've bin,
All Hands up aloft, swah the,
As I went o'er yon misty Moor,*

B

*Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Believe me Jenny, for I tell,
Bonny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
Bonny Lads and Damsels,
Bonny Lass gin thou wert mine,*

C

*Come buy my new Ballad,
Come listen a while tho' the Weather,
Chloris now thou art fled away,
Calm was the Ev'ning, and clear was,
Come sweet Lass, 'tis bonny Weather,
Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound,*

D

Damen, why will you die for Love,

F

*From France, from Spain, from Rome,
Forth from the dark and dismal Cell,
Four and twenty Fiddlers all in a row,
From twelve Tears old I oft have,
Frier Bacon walks again,
Fairest Work of happy Nature,
Fairest Jenny! thou mun love me,*

G

Great Alexander's Horse,

H

*He that a Tinker, a Tinker would be,
Ho Boy, hey Boy, come, come,
He that intends to take a Wife,
How happy's the Mortal that lives,
He that is a clear Cavalier will not,
Have you e'er seen the Morning Sun,*

An Alphabetical TABLE.

26	unhappy a Lover am I,	167
26	to the Myrtle Shade,	189
30	that is resolv'd to wed,	190
30	lovely's a Woman before,	200
	long must Woman wish in vain,	242
17	e's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,	274
19	Eyes are like the Morning bright,	284
23	blest are Shepherds, how happy,	291
23	I	
25	I live to grow Old, for I find,	17
	If I live to be Old, which I never,	19
	ve a Lass, but cannot show it,	40
	am a lusty lively Lad,	45
15	the merry Month of May,	51
16	had a Chloris my Delight,	57
21	Musick be the Food of Love,	75
28	ent to the Alehouse as an honest,	87
	faith'tn true, I am in Love,	111
9	tell you a Story, if it be true,	121
	tell thee Dick where I have been,	132
	sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was,	138
3	a Humour I was late,	143
4	saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd,	219
6	often for my Jenny strove,	264
7	ckey was as brisk and blith a Lad,	280
8	Love's a sweet Passion, why does,	288
20	L	
22	ET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale,	6
	Lay that sullen Garland by thee,	36
28	ave off fond Hermit, leave thy Vow,	79
	ike a Ring without a Finger,	84
	ament, lament you Scholars all,	136
9	ove thee! good sooth, not I,	155
8	et us drink and be merry,	177
10	et's love, and let's laugh,	180
11	et the daring Adventurers be toss'd,	181
12	et's consecrate a mighty Bowl,	311
15		
Hot		My

An Alphabetical TABLE.

M

M^R Masters and Friends,
Methinks the poor Town has been,
My Life and my Death are both,
Man (Man, Man) is for the Woman,

N

NO W that Love's Holiday is come,
Now listen a while, and I,
Now God above that made all Things,

O

OL D Stories tell how Hercules,
Of all the Trades that ever I see,
Of all the Recreations which,
Oh the Time that is past,
Oh Mother, Roger with his Kisses,
Oh fie, what mean I foolish Maid,
Ods hartly wounds, Ixe not to plowing,
O raree Show, O brave Show,

P

PHillis at first seem'd much afraid,
Poor Cælia once was very fair,
Pastora's Beauties when unblown,
Pretty Armida will be kind,

Q

QUoth John to Joan wilt thou,

R

RAnging the Plain one Summer's,

S

SINCE Love hath in thine and,
Since Roving of late,
Some Men they do delight in Hounds,
Sabina in the Dead of Night,
Sawney is a bonny, bonny Lad,
Since there's so small Difference,
Sir Eglamore, that valiant Knight,
Sing, sing, whilst we trip it, trip,

There

An Alphabetical TABLE.

T

ere's many clinching Verse is made,	24
The sleeping Thames one Morn,	65
four and twentieth Day of May,	96
and Will were Shepherd Swains,	112
Sylvia's Eyes a Flame could raise,	151
all our Lives long we're frolick,	162
not a Woman's Anger ill,	225
bonny grey ey'd Morn began,	234
Sun was just setting, the Reaping,	236
Jockey su'd me long, he met,	245
me Jenny, tell me roundly,	258
right Laurinda, whose hard Fate,	261
was a jovial Beggar,	265
me no more, I am deceiv'd,	269
beauteous Nymph look from above,	270
was a bonny Blade,	276
cco is but an Indian Weed,	292
Danger is over, the Battel,	296
iß, so kiß is pretty, 'tis pretty,	308

U

Undone ! undone the Lawyers are,	33
Virgins if e'er at length it prove,	60

W

Hen my Hairs they grow hoary,	18
Will you give me leave,	27
should we boast of Arthur,	117
rever I am, or whatever I do,	164
p all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,	201
is your faithful Slave disdain'd,	211
en Money has done whate'er it can,	214
does Willy shun his dear,	232
h an Old Song, made by an Old,	271
lly and Georgy now beath are gean,	297
at ungrateful Devil moves you,	302

Y

Under comes a courteous Knight,	37
You understand no tender Vows,	92
You	

An Alphabetical TABLE.

*You talk of New-England,
 Ye happy Swains, whose Nymphs,
 Your Gamester provok'd by his Loss,
 Young I am, and unskill'd,
 You mad Caps of England who merry,
 You Lasses and Lads take leave,
 You Ladies who are young and gay,*

P O E M S.

AS I lay musing all alone,
 Blandusia! Nymph of this fair Spring,
 Better our Heads than Hearts,
 Display the Standard, let the,
 Down came grave ancient Sir,
 Fetch me Ben. Johnson's Skull, and
 If you will be still,
 No sooner were the doubtful People,
 Of all the Factions in the Town,
 On Verse depending Orpheus urg'd,
 Read fairest of the Graces,
 See, Britains, see, one half before,
 Sure Heav'n's unerring Voice,
 To all young Men that love to Wooe,
 There are, I know, Fools that do,
 The Country People once a Wolf,
 The conquering Genius of our,

SONGS

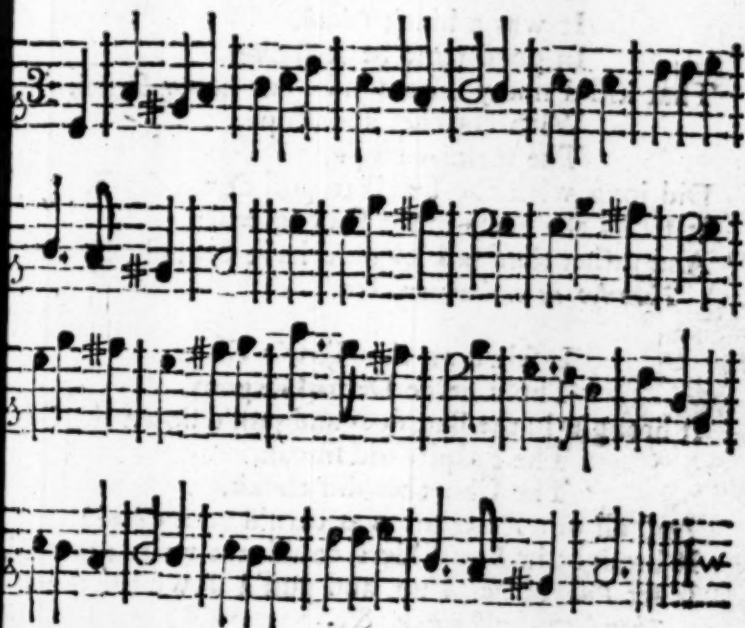


Pills to Purge Melancholy.

V O L. III.



The CLOAK's KNAVERY.



OME buy my new Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear please every Pallat;
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth:
Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
Is newly printed, and newly come forth.
*'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and cripp'd the Crown.*

B

I'll

I'll tell you in brief,
 A story of Grief,
 Which happen'd when *Cloak* was Commander in Ch
 It tore Common Prayers,
 Imprison'd Lord Mayors,
 In one day it Voted down Prelates and Players :
 It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
 And the *Covenant* did cut off the Oath of Allegian
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

It was a black *Cloak*,
 In good time be it spoke,
 That kill'd many Thousands, but never struck stro
 With Hatchet and Rope,
 The forlorn Hope,
 Did joyn with the Devil to pull down the Pope :
 It set all the Sects in the City to work,
 And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the T
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
 Those fierce Demi-Gorgons,
 It brought in the Bagpipes and pull'd down the Orga
 The Pulpits did smoak,
 The Churches did choak,
 And all our Religion was turn'd to a *Cloak* :
 It brought in May-Elders could not write nor read,
 It set *Public Faith* up, and pull'd down the Creed.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Impostor,
 Such Fury did foster,
 It left us no Penny, nor no *Pater Noster* ;
 It threw to the Ground
 Ten Commandments down,
 And set up twice Twenty times Ten of its own :
 It routed the King, and Villains elected,
 To plunder all those whom they thought Disaffected
Then let us endeavour, &c.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

3

To blind Peoples Eyes,
This Cloak was so Wise,
took off Ship-money, but set up Excise;
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reasons of State,
and gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate :
Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
to cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and cripp'd the Crown.

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
or crying out — Fight the Lord's Battles beloved;
It bobtayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown :
and into the Field it an Army did bring,
to aim at the Council, but shot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,
Whose politick Pates,
now keep their Quarters on the City Gates;
To Father and Mother,
To Sister and Brother,
gave a Commission to kill one another.
took up Mens Horses at very low rates,
and plunder'd our Goods to secure our Lives.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed,
To a damnable Deed,
made the best mirror of Majesty bleed;
Tho' Cloak did not do't,
He set it on Foot,
rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
or never had come such a bloody disaster,
Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his Master.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

B :

Though

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

Though some of them went hence,
By sorrowful Sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance,
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thousand times ten,
Are plotting to do their Tricks over again:
But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop,
Or DUN will provide him a Button and Loop.
*Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That basely did Sever the Head from the Crown,*

*Let's pray that the King,
And his Parliament,
In Sacred and secular Things may consent;
So Righteously firm,
And Religiously free,
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be:
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain.
Then Peace, Truth and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown
And all Popish Plots, and their Plotters shall down.*



Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple-stre
*Being a Relation of the merry pranks play'd
the River of Thames during the great Fro
Tune Packington's Pound.*

COME listen a while (tho' the Weather be cold
In your Pockets and Plackets your hands you m
I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare, (ho
Of a River turn'd into a Bartholomew Fair:
Since old Christmas last,
There has been such a Frost,
That the Thames has by half the whole Nation been cro
Oh Scullers I pity your fate of extreams,
Each Land-man is now become free of the Thames.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

5

is some *Lapland* Acquaintance of Conjurer *Oats*,
that has ty'd up your hands and Imprisoned your Boats;
you know he was ever a Friend to the Crew,
if all those that to Admiral *James* have been true:

Where Skulls did once Row,

Men walk to and fro,

at e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so;
ould your hopes of a Thaw by this weather be crost,
our Fortune will soon be as hard as the Frost.

Roast-Beef and Brandy, much Money is spent,
and Booths made of Blankets that pay no ground-rent;
With old fashion'd Chimneys the Rooms are secur'd,
and the Houses from danger of Fire are insured:

The chief place you meet,

Is call'd *Temple-street*,

you do not believe me, then you may go and see't;
from the Temple the Students do thither resort,
who were always great Patrons, of Revels and sport.

The Citizen comes with his Daughter and Wife,
and swears he ne're saw such a sight in his Life;
the Prentices starv'd at home for want of Bread,
to catch them a heat, do flock thither in shoals:

While the Country Squire

Does stand and admire,

at the wondrous Conjunction of Water and Fire;
straight comes an arch Wag, a young Son of a Whore,
and lays the Squire's head where his heels were before.

The *Rotterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting Scares,
to pleasure the Crowd, shews his Tricks and his Feats;
who like a Rope-dancer (for his sharp Steels)
his Brains and Activity lie in his Heels,

Here all things like Fate,

Are in slippery state,

from the soal of the Foot to the crown of the Pate;
While the Rabble in Sledges run giddily round,
and nought but a Circle of Folly is found.

Here Damsels are handled like Nymphs in the Bath,
By Gentlemen-Ushers, with Legs like a Lath;
They slide to a Tune, and cry give me your Hand,
When the tottering Fops are scarce able to stand:

Then with fear and with care,
They arrive at the Fair,

Where Wenches sell Glasses and crackt Earthen-ware
To shew that the World and the Pleasures it brings,
Are made up of Brittle and Slippery things.

A Spark of the Bar with his Cane and his Muff,
One day went to treat his new rigg'd Kitchin-stuff;
Let slip from her Gallant, the gay Damsel try'd,
(As oft she had done in the Country) to slide:

In the way lay a stump,
That with a damn'd thump,

She broke both her Shoe-strings and crippl'd her Rump
The heat of her Buttocks made such a great Thaw,
She had like to have drowned the Man of the Law.

All you that are warm both in Body and Purse,
I give you this warning for better for worse;
Be not there in Moonshine, pray take my advice,
For slippery things have been done on the Ice:

Maids there have been said,
To lose Maiden-head,

And Sparks from full Pockets gone empty to Bed;
If their Brains and their Bodies had not been too warm
It is forty to one they had come to less harm.

*The praise of the DAIRY-MAID, with a lick
at the Cream Pot, or a Fading Rose. To the
foregoing Tune.*

LET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a Hestor,
Let Pluto drink Coffee, and Jove his rich Nectar;
Neither Syder nor Sherry,
Metheglin nor Perry,

Shall

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

79

Will more make me Drunk, which the vulgar call merry;
 These Drinks o'er my fancy no more shall prevail,
 I'll take a full sop at the merry Milk-pail.

In praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing,
 Of all things in order first; *God save the King;*
 And the Queen I may say,
 That ev'ry *May-day*,

As many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay:
 List me fair Damsels, to finish this Theam,
 And inspire my fancy with Strawberries and Cream.

The first of fair Dairy-Maids if you'll believe,
 Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great-Grandmother *Eve*;
 She milk'd many a Cow,
 As well she knew how,
 No Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now:
 She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,
 For the Butter and Cheese in those days made it self.

At that Age or time there was no damn'd Money,
 Yet the Children of *Israel* fed upon Milk and Honey;
 No Queen you could see
 Of the highest Degree,
 Yet would milk the Brown Cow with the meanest she:
 Their Lambs gave them Cloathing, their Cows gave
 (them Meat,
 A plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

At now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,
 That Nurser of Subjects, bold *Britain's* chief Meat;
 When they first begin it,
 To see how the Rennet
 Gets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it:
 Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curd by,
 They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

Our Turkey Sherbet and *Arabian* Tea,
 Dish-water stuff to a dish of new Whey;
 For it cools Head and Brains,
 All Vapours it drains,

And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains
 Court Ladies i'th' Morning will drink a whole Pottle
 And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
 Sweet Cream thy due praises how shall I now utter ?

For when at the best,
 A thing's well express'd,

We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest* :
 Had I been a Mouse, I believe in my Soul,
 I had long since been Drowned in a Cream bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the *Dutchmen's* delight,
 By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light ;
 But oh, the soft stream,
 That remains of the Cream,
 Old *Morpheus* ne'er tasted so sweet in a Dream :
 It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen,
 And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
 A thousand more Dainties are daily in use ;

For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
 E'er it goes in the Belly,

Must have both good Milk, and the Cream and the Jelly
 For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,
 Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be muster'd,
 The charming delights of Cheese-Cakes and Custard

For at *Tottenham Court*,

You can have no sport,

Unless you give Custards and good Cheese Cakes for't
 And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to Laugh,
 Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good store,
 But a *Devonshire* Wite-pot requires much more ;

No state you can think,

Tho' you study and wink,

From the lusty Sack-possiet to poor Possiet-drink ;

P U L L S to *Purge Melancholy.*

9

at Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worfe,
or 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the Nurse.

at now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
rich clouted Cream, or a Gooseberry-Fool;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well:
I've thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,
that from good natur'd Women such Fools may be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cows Teat in her Hand,
how she merrily sings, while smiling I stand;
Then with a pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I scrub,
When I think of the Blessing of a Syllibub;
Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-maids, such blifs ne'er oppose,
e'er you'll be happy, I speak under the Rose.

This Rose was a Maiden once of your profession,
till the Rake and the Spade had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one Mr. Ed — *mond*,
did both dig and sow in her Parsly-Bed:
But the Fool for his labour deserves not a Rush,
nor grafting a Thistle upon a Rose Bush.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
keep what is your own, and then you keep all:
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne'er touch a Man,
and you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can:
I am your well-wisher, then listen to my Word,
and give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

*A true Relation of the dreadful Combate betw
More of More-Hall, and the Dragon
Wantley.*



OLD Stories tell how *Hercules*
A Dragon slew at *Lern*;
With seven Heads and fourteen Eyes,
To see and well discern:
But he had a Club,
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye:
But *More of More-Hall*,
With nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder;

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

11

With a Sting in his Tayl,
As long as a Flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder :
He had long Claws,
And in his Jaws
four and forty Teeth of Iron ;
With a Hide as tough, as any Buff,
Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not heard that the *Trojan Horse*,
Held Seventy Men in his Belly ?
His Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye ;
Devour did he,
Poor Children three,
That could not with him grapple ;
And at one Sup,
He eat them up,
As one should eat an Apple.

All sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some say he'd eat up Trees ;
And that the Forrest sure he would
Devour up by Degrees :
For Houses and Churches,
Were to him Gorse and Burches,
He eat all, and left none behind ;
But some Stones, dear *Jack*,
Which he could not crack,
Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkshire*, near fair *Rotherham*,
The Place I know it well ;
Some two or three Miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell ;
But there is a Hedge,
Just on the Hill Edge,
And *Matthew's House* hard by it ;
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Soma :

Some say this Dragon was a Witch,
 Some say he was the Devil;
 For from his Nose a Smoak arose,
 And with it burning Snivel:
 Which he cast off,
 When he did Cough,
 In a Well that he did stand by;
 Which made it look,
 Just like a Brook,
 Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
 Of whom all Towns did ring;
 For he could Wrestle, play at Quarter-Staff,
 Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
 Call Son of a Whore,
 Do any kind of thing:
 By the Tail, and the Main,
 With his Hands twain,
 He swong a Horse till he was dead;
 And that which was stranger,
 He for very Anger,
 Eat him all up but his Head.

These Children as I told being eat,
 Men, Women, Girls, and Boys;
 Sighing and Sobbing, came to his Lodging,
 And made a hedious Noise:
 Oh save us all,
 More of More-Hall,
 Thou pearless Knight of these Woods;
 Do but slay this Dragon,
 We won't leave us a Rag on,
 We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
 But I want, I want in sooth;
 A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
 And smiles about the Mouth:
 Hair as black as a Sloe,
 Both above and below,

th a Blush her Cheeks adorning;
 To 'noynt me o'er Night,
 E'er I go to Fight,
 To dress me in the Morning,

is being done, he did engage
 To hew this Dragon down;
 first he went New Armour to
 Bespeak at *Sheffield* Town:
 With Spikes all about,
 Not within, but without,
 Steel so sharp and strong;
 Both behind and before,
 Arms, Legs, all o'er,
 ne five or six Inches long,

nd you but seen him in this Dress,
 How fierce he look'd and big;
 u would have thought him for to be,
 An *Egyptian* Porcu-Pig:
 He frighted all,
 Cats, Dogs, and all;
 ch Cow, each Horse, and each Hog
 For fear did flee,
 For they took him to be
 me strange outlandish Hedghog.

o see this Fight, all People there
 Got upon Trees and Houses;
 n Churches some, and Chimneys too,
 But they put on their Trowzes:
 Not to spoil their Hose,
 As soon as he rose,
 o make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the Tale,
 Six Pots of Ale,
 nd a Quart of *Aqua-vita*.

is not Strength that always wins,
 For Wit doth Strength excel;
 hich made our cunning Champion,
 Creep down into a Well:

Where:

Where he did think,
 This Dragon would drink,
 And so he did in Truth,
 And as he stoop'd low,
 He rose up and cry'd boe,
 And hit him in the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,
 Thou that distrust'st me in my Drink;
 And then he turn'd and shit at him,
 Good lack how he did stink!
 Beshrew thy Soul,
 Thy Body is foul,
 Thy Dung smells not like Balsam;
 Thou Son of a Whore,
 Thou stink'st so sore,
 Sure thy Diet it is unwholesome.

Our Politick Knight on the other side
 Crept out upon the brink;
 And gave the Dragon such a doubt,
 He knew not what to think:
 By Cock, quoth he,
 Say you so, do you see,
 And then at him he let flie;
 With Hand, and with Foot,
 And so they went to't,
 And the Word it was, Hey boys, hey.

Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand
 Then to't they fell at all:
 Like to Wild Bears, so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small:
 Two Days and a Night
 With this Dragon did Fight,
 Our Champion on the Ground;
 Tho' their Strength it was great,
 Yet their Skill was neat,
 They never had one wound.

length the hard Earth began for to quake,
The Dragon gave him such a knock,
Which made him to Reel;
And straight way he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock:
And thence let him fall,
But *More of More-hall*,
Like a Valiant Son of *Mars*;
As he came like a Lout,
So he turned him about,
And hit him a Kick on the Arse.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
And turned six times together;
Crying, and tearing, Cursing and Swearing,
Out of his Throat of Leather:
Oh, thou Raskal,
More of More-Hall,
Would I had seen you never;
With the thing at thy Foot,
Thou hast prickt my Arse Gut,
Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd
Alack, alack, for Grief;
Had you but mist that Place, you could
Have done me no Mischief:
Then his Head he shak'd,
Trembled, and Quak'd,
And down he laid and cry'd;
First on one Knee,
Then on back tumbled he,
So Groan'd, Kick'd, Shit, and Dyed.



The Old Man's WISH.

I live to grow old (for I find I go down)
 Let this be my Fate, in a fair Country Town ;
 I have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,
 I have a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate :
 May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better, as my Strength wears away ;
 Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
 With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look ;
 In a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
 In an easie Pad-Nag, to ride out a Mile :
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more,
 The best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before ;
 With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
 A clean (tho' coarse) Linnen at every Meal :
 May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sundays, and stout humming Liqueur,
 The remnants of Latin to welcome our Vicar ;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy Wine,
 Drink the King's Health in as oft as I Dine :
 May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and it Freezes & Snows,
 May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Nose ;
 A Fire (which once stirr'd up with a Prong)
 Will keep the Room temperate all the Night long :
 May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I Face my last day,
 And when I am Dead may the better sort say ;
 The Morning when sober, in the Evening when mellow,
 Is gone, and left not behind him his Fellow :
 For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away ;
 Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

The Old Woman's Wish. To the foregoing.

WHEN my Hairs they grow Hoary, and
 (Cheeks they look pale)
 When my Forehead hath Wrinkles, and my Eye-sight
 (doth fail)
 Let my words both and Actions be free from all harm
 And have my Old Husband to keep by Back warm
*The Pleasures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
 Our Life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay;
 Oh! Let me live well, though I live but one day.*

With a Sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good Price
 With a Pot o'er the fire, and good Victuals in't;
 With Ale, Beer, and Brandy, both Winter and Summer
 To drink to my Gossip, and be pledg'd by my Cummie
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Pigs, and with Poultry, with some Money in store
 To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the Poor;
 With a Bottle of Canary, to drink without Sin,
 And to Comfort my Daughter when that she lies in
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at Night,
 With a Maid in the Morning to rise when 'tis light
 To do her work Neatly, to obey my desire,
 To make the House clean, and to blow up the Fire
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Coals, and with Bayns, and a good warm Chair
 With a thick Hood & Mantle, when I ride on my Mare
 Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foe
 With a pair of Glass Eyes to clap on my Nose:
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

And when I am Dead, with a sigh let them say,
 Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay;
 When young she was cheerful, no Scold, nor no Whore
 She helped her Neighbours and gave to the Poor,
*Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,
 Though her Life was a Vapour that vanish'd away;
 She liv'd well and Happy until the last day.*

Old Woman's Wish. To the same Tune.

I live to be Old, which I never will own,
 Let this be my Fortune in Country or Town;
 I have a warm Bit, with two more in store,
 A Lusty young Fellow to rub me before:
By I give to my Passion an absolute sway,
With Mumping and Grunting, my Breath's worn away;
Without Ach or Cough, by a tedious decay.

A dry Chimny Nook with a Rug and warm Cloaths,
 Singing Coal-fire still under my Nose;
 A large Elbow Chair to sit at the Fire,
 A Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire:
By I give to my Passion, &c.

A Pudding on Sunday, with Custard and plums,
 When my Teeth are all out, for to ease my old Gums;
 A Dram of the Bottle, each day a fresh Quart,
 To be in a Corner to Cheer up my Heart:
By I give to my Passion, &c.

A Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
 To Sing Cherry-Chafe, o'er a Pot of good Ale;
 A puff-box, and short Pipe snug under the Range,
 A clean Flannel Shift, as oft as I change:
By I give to my Passion, &c.

Without Palsey or Gout, may I dye in my Chair,
 When Dead, may my Great, Great Grandchild, declare
 I am gone, who so long had cheated the Devil,
 That the World is well rid of a troublesome evil:
That gave to her Passion an absolute sway,
All with Mumping and Grunting, her Breath wore away;
Without Ach, or Cough, by a tedious decay.

The BLACK-SMITH.



OF all the Trades that ever I see,
 There's none to a *Blacksmith* compared may be
 With so many several Tools works he,
Which no Body can deny.

The first that ever Thunder-bolt made,
 Was a *Cyclops* of the *Blacksmith's* Trade;
 As in a learned Author is said,
Which no Body, &c.

When Thund'ring like we strike about,
 The Fire like Lightning flashes out;
 Which suddenly with Water we d'out,
Which no Body, &c.

The fairest Goddess in the Skies,
 To Marry with *Vulcan* did advise;
 And he was a *Blacksmith* Grave and Wife,
Which no Body, &c.

He to do her right,
Build her a Town by Day and by Night,
gave it a Name which was *Hammersmith* hight,
Which no Body, &c.

an, further did acquaint her,
t a pretty Estate he would appoint her;
leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter,
Which no Body, &c.

that no Enemy might wrong her,
Built her a Fort you'd wish no stronger;
ich was in the Lane *Ironmonger*,
Which no Body, &c.

hfield he did cleanse from Dirt,
d sure there was reason for't;
there he meant she should keep her Court,
Which no Body, &c.

after in a good time and Tide,
was by the *Blacksmith* rectifi'd;
the Honour of *Edmond Ironside*,
Which no Body, &c.

can after made a Train,
herein the God of War was ta'en;
hich ever since hath been call'd *Paul's chain*,
Which no Body, &c.

he Common Proverb as it is read,
hat a Man must hit the Nail on the head;
ithout the *Blacksmith* cannot be said,
Which no Body, &c.

another must not be forgot,
nd falls unto the *Blacksmith's* Lot;
hat he must strike while the Iron is hot,
Which no Body, &c.

Another

Another comes in most proper and fit,
 The *Blacksmith's* Justice is seen in it;
 When you give a Man Roast-meat and beat him,
Which no Body can deny. (the

Another comes in our *Blacksmith's* way,
 When things are safe as old Wives say;
 We have them under Lock and Key,
Which no Body, &c.

Another that's in the *Blacksmith's* Books,
 And only to him for remedy looks;
 Is when a Man is quite off the hooks,
Which no Body, &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
 And therefore lets do the *Blacksmith* no wrong;
 When a Man's held hard to it buckle and thong,
Which no Body, &c.

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
 Wherein the *Blacksmith* may challenge half;
 When a Reason's as plain as a Pike-staff,
Which no Body, &c.

Though your Lawyers Travel both near and far,
 And by long Pleading a good Cause may mar;
 Yet your *Blacksmith* takes more pains at the Bar,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' your Scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,
 By his Counterfeit Deeds, and thereby doth ill;
 Yet your *Blacksmith* may Forge what he will,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' your Bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
 And Laugh at their Creditors and their catch-poles
 Yet your *Blacksmith* can fetch them over the coals,
Which no Body, &c.

ough *Jeskey* in the Stable be never so neat,
look to his Nag and prescribe him his meat ;
your *Blacksmith* knows better how to give him a heat,
Which no Body, &c.

any Taylor have the Itch,
the *Blacksmith's* water as black as Pitch ;
I'll make his Hands go thorough stitch,
Which no Body, &c.

ere's never a Slut if filth o'er smutch her,
owes to the *Blacksmith* for her Leacher ;
without a pair of Tongs there's no Man would
Which no Body, &c. (touch her,

ur Roaring Boys who every one quails,
hts, Domineers, Swaggers, and rails ;
ould never yet make the *Smith* Eat his Nails,
Which no Body, &c.

any Scholar be in doubt,
d cannot well bring this matter about ;
e *Blacksmith* can Hammer it out,
Which no Body, &c.

w if to know him you would desire,
u must not scorn but rank him higher ;
r what he gets is out of the Fire,
Which no Body, &c.

ow here's a good Health to *Blacksmiths* all,
d let it go round, as round as a Ball ;
Ve'll drink it all off though it cost us a fall.
Which no Body, &c.

The BREWER. To the going Tune.

THere's many Clinching Verse is made,
In Honour of the *Blacksmith's* Trade;
But more of the *Brewer* may be said,
Which no Body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The *Blacksmith* cannot be Compleat;
Unless the *Brewer* do give him a heat,
Which no Body, &c.

VWhen Smug unto the Forge doth come,
Unless the *Brewer* doth Liquor him home;
He'll never strike, my Pot, and thy Pot, *Tom,*
Which no Body, &c.

Of all professions in the Town,
The *Brewer's* Trade hath gain'd renown;
His Liquor reaches up to the Crown,
Which no Body, &c.

Many new Lords from him there did spring,
Of all the Trades he still was their King;
For the *Brewer* had the VWorld in a sling,
Which no Body, &c.

He scorneth all Laws and Marshal stops,
But whips an Army as round as tops;
And cuts off his Foes as thick as Hops,
Which no Body, &c.

He dives for Riches down to the Bottom,
And crys my Masters when he has got 'em;
Let every Tub stand upon his own bottom,
Which no Body, &c.

Warlike Acts he scorns to stoop,
when his Army begins to droop;
draws them up as round as a Hoop,
Which no Body can deny.

Jewish Scot that scorns to Eat
flesh of Swine, and Brewers beat;
as the sight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat,
Which no Body, &c.

Jockey and his Basket Hilt
beaten, and much Blood was spilt;
their Bodies like Barrels did run a tilt,
Which no Body, &c.

ough Femmy gave the first Assault,
the Brewer at last made him to halt;
gave them what the Cat left in the Malt,
Which no Body, &c.

cry'd that Anti-christ came to settle,
in a Cooler and a Kettle;
his Nose and Copper were both of one Metal,
Which no Body, &c.

Christian Kings began to quake,
said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make;
ll let him alone, as he Brews let him Bake,
Which no Body, &c.

hath a strong and very stout Heart,
thought to be made an Emperor for't;
the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart,
Which no Body, &c.

ny intended to do him disgrace,
Fury would take off his Head in the place;
always did carry his Furnace in his Face,
Which no Body can deny.

But yet by the way you must understand,
 He kept his Foes to under Command;
 That Pride could never get the upper hand,
Which no Body can deny.

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag,
 But now he is hurried away with a Hag;
 He Brews in a Bottle, and Bakes in a Bag,
Which no Body, &c.

And now may all stout Soldiers say,
 Farewel the glory of the Day;
 For the Brewer himself is turn'd to Clay.
Which no Body, &c.

Thus fell the brave Brewer, the bold Son of Slough;
 We need not to fear, what shall follow after;
 For he dealt all his time in Fire and Water,
Which no Body, &c.

And if his Successor had had but his might,
 Then we had not been in a pitiful plight;
 But he was found many grains too light,
Which no Body, &c.

Let's leave off Singing, and Drink off our Bubb,
 We'll call up a Reckoning, and every Man Club
 For I think I have told you a Tale of a Tub,
Which no Body can deny.



SONG made on the Power of Women. To
the foregoing Tune.

I LL you give me leave, and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye,
shall do more good than Ten of John Dory,
which no Body can deny.

no Story of Robin Hood, nor of his Bow-men,
can to Demonstrate the power of Women;
a Subject that's very common,
which no Body, &c.

at tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
in spite of Criticks give you my Narration;
Women now are all in Fashion,
which no Body, &c.

n pray give me advice as much as you may,
of all things that ever bore sway;
Woman beareth the Bell away,
which no Body, &c.

greatest Courage that ever rul'd,
baffled by Fortune, tho' ne'er so well school'd;
this of the Women can never be cool'd,
which no Body, &c.

nder from whence this power did spring,
who the Devil first set up this thing;
spares neither Peasant, Prince, nor King,
which no Body, &c.

r Scepter doth rule from Caesar to Rustick,
a finical Kit; to Soldier so lustick;
ne, it Rules all, tho' ne'er so Robustick,
which no Body can deny.

For where is he that writes himself Man,
That ever saw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*;
But his Eyes turn'd Pimp, and his Heart trapan,
Which no Body, &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam's* Race,
Tho' ne'er so Holy a Brother of Grace;
If he met a loose Sister, but he would embrace,
Which no Body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
Whose Desires were hot, tho' their Natures cold
But in this kind of Pleasure they commonly rowl
Which no Body, &c.

First *Aristotle*, that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of *Venus*, but little of *Bellow*;
Which shew'd he lov'd a Wench that was mellow
Which no Body, &c.

From whence do you think he derived Study,
Produc'd all his Problems, a Subject so muddy;
'Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy,
Which no Body, &c.

The next in order is *Socrates* grave,
Who Triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet
His Heart to *Aspatia*, and became her Slave,
Which no Body, &c.

Demosthenes to *Corinth* he took a Voyage,
We shall scarce know the like on't in thy Age or my
And all was for a Modicum Pyeage,
Which no Body, &c.

The Proverb in him a whit did not fail,
For he had those things which make Men prevail
A sweet Tooth and a Liquorish tayl,
Which no Body can deny.

and Solon were both Law-makers,
no Men I'm sure are such Wise-acres;
think that themselves would not be partakers,
which no Body can deny.

Edict they made with Approbation,
the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation;
might take another for Procreation,
which no Body, &c.

The Wife found coming in short,
the same Law did right her upon report;
thereby you may know, they were Lovers o'th' Sport,
which no Body, &c.

Now let us view the State of a King,
is thought to have the World in a string;
Woman is Captivated, poor thing,
which no Body, &c.

Under the Great, who conquered all,
Wept because the World was so small;
The Queen of Amazon's pit did fall,
which no Body, &c.

And Nero, and Caligula,
the Rome's Tormentors by Night and by Day;
Women beat them at their own Play,
which no Body can deny.



The Infallible Doctor.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

35

FROM France, from Spain, from Rome I come,
And from all Parts of Christendom;
to Cure all strange Diseases,
he take Physick he that pleases
he ye broken Maids that scatter.
I can never hold your Water,
I can teach you it to keep;
And other things are very meet,
As groaning backward in your Sleep.

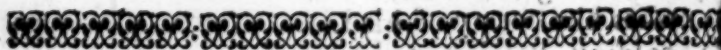
he an ugly dirty Whore,
that is at least Threescore or more;
ose Face and Nose stands all awry,
if you'd fear to pass her by;
n make her Plump and Young,
ty, lively, and also strong;
Honest, Active, fit to Wed,
And can recall her Maiden-head,
All this is done as soon as said.

any Man has got a Wife,
that makes him weary of his Life
th Scolding, yoleing in the House,
the' the Devil was turn'd loose :
him but repair to me,
n Cure her presently
With one Pill, I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that evil;
Or send her Headlong to the Devil.

the Pox, the Palsy, and the Gout,
ns within, and Aches without;
ere is no Disease but I
n find a present Remedy :
oken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,
e the easiest Wounds I Cure;
Nay, more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck, I'll set it again,
Or ask you nothing for my pain.

Or if any Man has not
 The Heart to fight against the Scot;
 I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
 Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing:
 Or any that has been Dead,
 Seven long Years and Buried;
 I can him to Life restore,
 And make him as sound as he was before,
 Else let him never trust me more.

If any Man desire to Live
 A Thousand Ages, let him give
 Me a Thousand Pounds, and I
 Will warrant him Life, unless he Dye;
 Nay more I'll teach him a better Trick,
 Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be sick;
 But if I no Money see,
 And he with Diseases troubled be,
 Than he may thank himself, not me.



*A SONG made on the Downfall, or pulling
 down of Chaining-Cross: An. Dom. 1642*





Undone! undone! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town;
And cannot find the way to *Westminster*,
Now *Chairing-Cross* is down:
At the end of the *Strand*, they make a stand,
Wearing they are at a loss;
And Chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by *Chairing-Cross*.

The Parliament to Vote it down,
Conceived very fitting;
Nor fear't should fall and Kill 'em all,
With' House as they were sitting:
They were inform'd't had such a Plot,
Which made 'em so hard Hearted;
To give exprefs command, it should be
Taken down and Carted.

On talk of Plots, this might been worse,
For any thing I know;
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chalenour*,
Was Hang'd for long ago;
As our Parliament from that,
Themselves strangely defended;
Still they do discover Plots,
Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman, nor Child,
 Will say I am confident;
 They ever heard it speak one Word,
 Against the Parliament:
 T' had Letters about it some say,
 Or else it had been freed;
 Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it,
 Could neither Write, nor Read.

The Committee said, Verily
 To Popery 'twas bent;
 For ought I know it might be so,
 For to the Church it never went:
 What with Excise, and other loss,
 The Kingdom doth begin;
 To think you'll leave 'em ne'er a Cross
 Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should,
 Of it have taken pity;
 Cause good old Cross, it always stood,
 So strongly to the City:
 Since Crosses you so much disdain,
 Faith if I was as you;
 For fear the King should Rule again,
 I'd pull down Tyburn too.



CASSANDRA in Mourning.



Wake my Lute, arise my string,

And to my sad *Cassandra* sing ;

Be the old Poets,

When the Moon had put her Sable Mourning on ;

And they sounded with a merry strain,

Until her brightness was restor'd again

Too well I know from whence proceeds,
Thy wearing of these Mournful weeds;
In cruel Flames for thee I Burn,
And thou for me dost therefore Mourn :
So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.

Wear other Virgins what they will,
Cassandra loves her Mourning still ;
Thus the Milky-way so white,
Is never seen but in the Night:
The Sun himself, altho' so bright he seem,
Is black, as are the *Moors* that Worship him.

But tell me thou Deformed Cloud,
How dar'st thou such a Body shroud ?
So *Satyrs*, with black hedious Face,
Of old did lovely Nymphs Embrace :
That Mourning e'er should hide such glorious Ma
Thus Deities of Old did live in Shades.

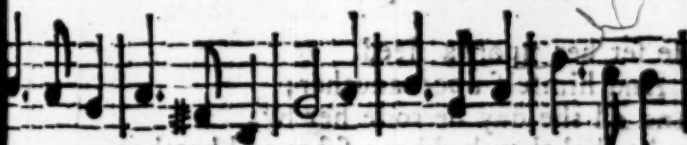
Her words are Oracles, and come,
(Like those) from out some Darkned Room ;
And her Breath proves that Spices do,
Only in scorched Countries grow :
If she but speak, an *Indian* she appears,
Tho' all o'er black, at Lips she Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy,
As she in *Vulcan's* Arms did lie ;
Such is *Cassandra* and her shroud,
She looks like Snow within a Cloud :
Melt then and yield, throw off thy Mourning Pall,
Thou never canst look White, until thou Fall.



On
L
was
s sh
n th
ley

A S O N G.



Under comes a courteous Knight,
 Lustily raking over the hay,
 was well ware of a bonny lais,
 as she came wandring over the way;
 en she sang down a down,
 ley down derry ; than she, &c.

Tell me your speed, fair Lady, he said,
 Amongst the leaves that be so green;
 If I were a King, and wore a Crown,
 Full soon fair Lady, should thou be a Queen.
 Then she sang, &c.

Also Tell me save you, fair Lady,
 Among the Roses that be so red;
 If I have not my will of you,
 Full soon fair Lady, shall I be dead.
 Then she sang, &c.

Then he lookt East, then he lookt West,
 He lookt North, so did he South:
 He could not find a privy place,
 For all lay in the Devil's mouth.
 Then she sang, &c.

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
 A maid unto my father's hall;
 Then you shall have your will of me
 Under purple and under Pall.
 Then she sang, &c.

He set her upon a steed,
 And himself upon another;
 And all the day he rode her by,
 As tho' they had been sister and brother.
 Then she sang, &c.

When she came to her fathers hall,
 It was well walled round about;
 She rode in at the wicket gate,
 And shut the four ear'd fool without.
 Then she sang, &c.

You had me (quoth she) abroad in the field,
 Among the corn, amidst the hay,
 Where you might have your will of me,
 For, in good faith Sir, I ne'er said Nay.
 Then she sang, &c.

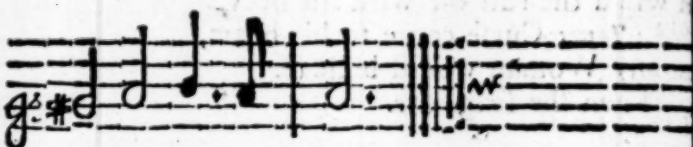
ad me also amid the field,
ong the rushes that were so brown;
you might had your will of me,
you had not the face to lay me down.
Then she sang, &c.

ll'd out his nut-brown sword,
l wip'd the rust off with his sleeve:
aid; *Joves* Curse come to his heart,
at any Woman would believe.
Then she sang, &c.

you have your own true love,
mile or twain out of the town,
not for her gay cloathing,
t lay her body flat on the ground.
Then she sang, &c.

Reciprocal Love.





I Love a Lass but cannot show it,
 I keep a fire that burns within,
 Rak'd up in embers: Ah! could she know it,
 I might perhaps be lov'd again:
 For a true love may justly call,
 For friendship love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
 A sigh by whispering in her ear,
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,
 By dropping on her breast a tear,
 Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
 By often drops receive a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
 That is already too, too weak;
 No, no, they say Lovers may send it,
 By writing what they cannot speak:
 Go then my muse, and let this Verse,
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.



Country-Man's Ramble thro' Bartholomew-Fair.



Ozooks ches went the other day to *London Town*,
 In *Smithfield* such gazing,
 Zuch thrusting and squeezing,
 Was never known:
 tty of Wood, some Volk do call it *Bartledom-Fair*,
 ches zure nought but Kings and Queens live there.
 Gold and Zilver, Zilk and Velvet each was drest,
 A Lord in his Zatting,
 Was buisy prating,
 Among the rest:
 one in blew Jacket came, which some do *Andrew* call,
 heart, talk'd woundly wittily to them all.

At

At last Cutzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd alo

The Rogue, being fluster'd,

He flung me a Custard,

Amidst the Croud:

The Volk vell a laughing at me; then the Vezent
Bezure *Ralph*, give it to *Doll* the Dairy-maid,

I *swallowed* the affront, but staid no longer there;

I thrust and I scrambled,

Till further I rambled,

into the Fair. (were all at w

Where *Trumpets* and *Bagpipes*, *Kettle-drums*, *Fidd*

And the Cook zung, *Here's your delicate Pig and Pe*

I look'd around, to see the Wonders of the Vair,

Where Lads and Lasses,

With Pudding-bag arses,

So nimble were;

Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd ab

Old Nick zure, was in their breeches without do

Most woundy *pleas'd*. I up and down the Vair did m

To zee the vine *Varies*,

Play all their Vagaries,

I vow 'twas strange.

I ask'd them aloud, *What Country little Volk they were*

A cross brat answer'd me, *Che were Cuckold-spire*.

I thrust and shov'd *along as well as e'er I could*,

At last did I grovel,

Into a dark Hovel,

Where Drink was sold; (adsh

They brought me Cans, which cost a penny ap

I'm zure twelve ne'er could fill a Country-quart.

Che went to draw her Purse, to pay them for their

The Devil a Penny,

Was left of my Money,

Che'll vow and zwear: (do

They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me ou

Adswounds, *Ralph*, did ever see such Rogues and Whe

TOM a BEDLAM.

From the dark and dismal Cell,
And from the deep Abyss of Hell,
Tom is come to view the World again,
See if he can cure his distemper'd Brain.

and Cares oppress my Soul,
How the angry Furies howl,
Laughs, and *Proserpine* is glad,
See poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

In the World I wander Night and Day,
I find my stragling Senses,
My angry Mood Old Time,
With his Pentateuch of Tenses.

When he flies, away he flies,
Time will stay for no Man;
When with Cries I rend the Skies,
Pity is not common.

And Comfortless I lye,
Oh help! or else I die;
I hear *Apollo's* Team,
The Carman gins to whistle,
Diana bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to bristle.

Let *Vulcan* with Tools and Tackles,
Knock off my troublesome Shackles:
Let *Charles* make ready his Wain,
And my lost Senses again.

Night I heard the Dog-star bark,
I met *Venus* in the Dark:
I saw *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
Who furiously ran at the God of War.

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
 Limping *Vulcan* had the Gout,
 For his broad Horns hung so in his Light,
 That he could not see to aim aright.

Mercury, the nimble Post of Heaven,
 Stay'd to see the Quarrel,
 Gorrel Belly *Bacchus* giantly bestrid
 A Stong Beer Barrel.

To me he drank, I did him thank,
 But I could drink no Sider;
 He drank whole Butts 'till he burst his Guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
 A little Drink for Charity:
 Hark; I hear *Affoon's* Hounds,
 The Hunts-man whoops and Hallows,
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the Chace doth follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
 Eats powder'd Beef, Turnep and Carret,
 But a Cup of old *Malago* Sack,
 Will fire the Bush at his Back.



The Prodigal's Resolution :

Or, my Father was born before me.



Am a lusty lively Lad,
 Now come to One and Twenty,
 Father left me all he had,
 Both Gold and Silver plenty :
 Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
 The Ladies shall adore me ;
 I court and kiss, what hurt's in this,
 My Dad did so before me.

My

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
 Till Soul and Body fundred,
 Some say he was an Usurer,
 For thirty in the Hundred :
 He scrapt and scratcht, the pincht and patcht,
 That in her Body bore me ;
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done,
 In getting so much Treasure,
 I'll be as dutiful a Son,
 For spending it in Pleasure ;
 Five Pound a Quart shall cheer my Heart,
 Such Nectar will restore me,
 But I'll let fly, good cause why,
 My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at *Washington*,
 My Grandfir delv'd in Ditches,
 The Son of old *John Thrashington*,
 Whose Lantern Leather Breeches,
 Cry'd, whither go ye ? whither go ye ?
 Tho' Men do now adore me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me.

My Gransir striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
 Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
 Oh, then he got my Father :
 Of happy Memory, cry I,
 That e'er his Mother bore him,
 I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
 Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, *Cambridge*, and *Grays-Inn*,
 My gray-coat Gransir put him,
 Till to forget he did begin,
 The Leathern Breech, that got him ;

dealt in Straw, the other in Law,
 the one did ditch and delve it,
 Father store of Battin wore,
 Grandfir Beggar's Velvet.

get Wealth, what care I if
 Granfir were a Sawyer,
 Father prov'd to be a chief,
 and subtil, Learned Lawyer:
 Cook's Reports, and Tricks in Courts,
 he did with Treasure store me,
 I may say, Heavens blest the Day,
 my Father was born before me.

say of late, a Merchant that
 had gotten store of Riches,
 Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
 his Staff, and Leathern Breeches:
 Stockings gartred up with Straw,
 his providence did store him,
 his Son was Sheriff of London, cause
 his Father was born before him.

many Blades now rant in Silk,
 and put on Scarlet Cloathing,
 first did spring from Butter-milk,
 his Ancestors worth nothing;
 Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
 by digging and by Spinning,
 to all Kings and Princes give
 their radical Beginning.



My

At Play-houses, and Tennis Court,
 I'll prove a noble Fellow,
 I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
 Of o'brave Bunchinello:
 I'll drink and drab, I'll Dice and stab,
 No Hector shall out-roar me;
 If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
 My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counsellors would have
 Us live by Rule and Reason,
 'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
 And Pleasure's out of Season:
 I'll learn to dance the Mode of *France*,
 That Ladies may adore me;
 My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had,
 Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus* Sport
 Doth revel it in Plenty,
 I'll deal with all, both great and small,
 From twelve to five and twenty;
 In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
 For they're hung round with Plackets,
 Ladies make room, behold I come,
 Have at your knocking Jackets.



Power of Love.



III.

D

Since

Since love hath in thine, and mine Eye,
Kindled a holy flame,
What pity 'twere to let it die,
What sin to quench the same?
The stars that seem extinct by day,
Disclose their flames at night,
And in a fable sense convey,
Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye, and Ear,
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spy'd.
What tho' our bodies cannot meet,
Love's fuel's more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

False Meteors that do change their place,
Tho' they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light.
Thus while we shall preserve from waste,
The flame of our desire,
No Vestal shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waste away,
I'll take new fire from thine.



A SONG.



In the merry month of May,
On a morn by break of day,
Th I walk'd the wood so wide,
When as May was in her pride:
There I spy'd all alone, all alone,
Alida and Choridon.

Whado there was God wot,
Did love, but she could not;
Said his love was to woo,
Said none was false to you;
Said he had lov'd her long,
Said love should take no wrong.

D 2

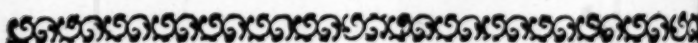
Choridon

32 *PILLS to Purge Melancholy.*

Chridon would have kist her then,
She said Maids must kifs no Men,
Till they kifs for good and all;
Then she bad the shepherd call,
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use,
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with Kisses sweet concluded.

And *Phillida* with Garlands gay,
Was Crowned the Lady May.



The TINKER.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,
Let him leave other Loves,
And come listen to me;
Tho' he travels all the day
He comes home late at night,
And Dallies, and Dallies, with his Doxey,
And Dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toast, in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good Musick he makes;
He wanders the world, to Wakes, and to Fairs,
And casts his Cap, and casts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares,
When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come,
O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to stop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scum
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,
The merry, merry *Tinker*,
O! he is the Man of Mettle.

A Forsaken Lover's Complaint.



D 3

As

AS I walk'd forth one summers day,
 To view the meadows green and gay,
 A pleasant Bower I espied,
 Standing fast by a River side;
 And in't a Maiden, I heard cry,
 Alas! Alas! there's none e'er lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow, did she walk,
 Catching each flower by the stalk:
 Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
 The *Dead-man's Thumb*, an Herb all blew,
 And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
 Alas! Alas! none ever lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents,
 She bound about with knotty Bents,
 And as she bound them up in Bands,
 She wept, sigh'd, and wrung her hands,
 Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
 Alas! none ever lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full,
 Of such green things as she could cull,
 The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed,
 The Flowers were the Pillows for her head:
 Then down she laid, ne'er more did speak;
 Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.



PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

55

Love's Bacchanal.



D 4

Lay

Lay that fullen Garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Elifium shades;
Take my wreath of lusty Ivy,
Not of that faint Mirtle made.

When I see thy soul descending,
To that cold unfertile Plain;
Of sad Fools, the Lake attending,
Thou shalt wear this Crown again.

Cho.

Now drink Wine, and know the odds,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.

Rouse thy dull and drowsie Spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits,
Nought but vain and empty Dreams!

Think not thou these dismal trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, and sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end.

Cho.

Sadness may some pity move,
Mirth and Courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and Courage, conquers Love.

Fy then on that cloudy forehead,
Ope those vainly crossed arms;
Thou may'st as well call back the buried,
As raise Love, by such like charms.

Sacrifice a glass of Claret,
To each letter of her Name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

Cho.

If she comes not at the flood,
Sleep will come, sleep will come,
Sleep will come, and that's as good.

Am.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

57

Amyntor Distracted Complains.



Had a *Chloris* my Delight,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Her Hair as brown as Berries;
 Cheeks like Roses, red and white;
 Her Lips more sweet than Cherries:

A lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,
 Hey down, hey down,
 The brightest Day that shin'd;
 Hills of Snow upon her Breast,
 Made me, and all Men blind.

Was so sweet, so kind, so free,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Kisses, to sport, and play;
 All this was with none but me,
 So Envy 't self will say.

Left her Flock on yonder Plain,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Wither'd now, and dry;
 How can *Amyntor* longer live,
 When such Things for her die?

Her wandring Kids look in my Face,
 Hey down, hey down,
 And with dumb Tears express,
 The want of *Chloris*, my true Love,
 And their kind Shepherdess.

She lov'd me without Fraud or guile,
 Hey down, hey down,
 But not for Flocks or Treasure;
 And I was happy all the while,
 But no Woe worth all Pleasure.

When she liv'd, I went fine and gay,
 Hey down, hey down,
 With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;
 But now I am (as Shepherds say)
 The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are those pretty Garlands now,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Of Ivy and of Bays,
 Which *Chloris* platted on my Brow,
 For singing in her Praise?

With naked Legs and Arms I go,
 Hey down, hey down,
 For why? the Clothes I wore,
 With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many more,
 Upon her Grave lie tore.

For woe is me, I should be warm,
 Hey down, hey down,
 Or any Comfort have,
 As long as my dear *Chloris* lies
 So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather Sticks, and make a Fire,
 Hey down, hey down,
 To warm her where she lies,
 Of Myrtles, Cypress, and Sweet Bryer,
 And then perhaps she'll rise.

To Young Virgins.

A SONG.



Virgins,

Virgins, if e'er at length it prove,
 My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
 Pray with me such a Fate:
 May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,
 And may a little decent Pride,
 My Actions regulate.

¶ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
 Pray with me such a Fate.

Such Stacheliness I mean, as may
 Keep nauseous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
 But still oblige the Wise:
 That may secure my Modesty,
 And Guardian to my Honour be,
 When Passion does arise.

¶ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, &c.

When first a Lover I commence,
 May it be with a Man, a Man of Sence,
 And learned Education:
 May all his Courtship easy be,
 Neither too formal nor too free,
 But wisely show his Passion.
 ¶ Virgins, &c.

May his Estate agree with mine,
 That nothing look like a Design,
 To bring us into Sorrow:
 Grant me all this that I have said,
 And willingly I'll live a Maid
 No longer than to Morrow.
 ¶ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
 Pray with me such a Fate.

A SONG.



Four and twenty Fiddlers all in a Row,
 And there was fiddle fiddle, and twice fiddle fiddle,
 'Twas my Lady's Birth-day,
 Before we kept Holiday,
 All went to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a Row,
 And there was tantarra rara, tan, tantarra rara,
 Ra, rara rar, there was rub, &c.

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipers all in a Row,
 And there was whif and dub,
 And tan tarra rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle
And Whif and Dub, &c.

Four and twenty Singing Men all in a row,
And there was Fa la, la, la, la, ; Fa, la, la, la, la,
And there was Tittle, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-Masters all in a row,
And this and that, and down to the Legs clap,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, &c.

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno, sed
Plus Damno Decorum*, and there was this and that

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare Claret and White, I ne'er d
Worse in my life, and excellent good Canary dra
The Lees of Sherry, if you do not like it,
Omne Quod, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament Men all in a Row,
And there was Loyalty and Reason, without a
Of Treason, and there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutch Men all in a row,
And there was *Alter Malter Van tor Dyken Skapen
de Hogue, Van Rottyck, Van tontlick de Brille, Van de
Van Foerslick and Soatrog Van Hogen Harien Van*
Rare Claret and white, &c.



A SONG.



Juggar got a Beadle,
 A Beadle got a Yeoman;
 A Yeoman got a Prentice,
 A Prentice got a Freeman:
 A Freeman got a Master,
 A Master got a Lease,
 A Lease made him a Gentleman,
 A Gentleman a Justice of the Peace.

A Justice being Rich;
 A Gallant in desire;
 A Gallant marry'd with a Lady,
 A Lady so he got a Squire:
 A Squire got a Knight
 A Knight of Courage bold and stout;
 A Knight he got a Lord,
 A Lord so it came about.

A Lord he got an Earl,
 A Country he forsook;
 A Country he travell'd into Spain;
 A Spain he there he got a Duke:

The Duke he got a Prince,
The Prince a King of Hope;
The King he got an Emperor,
The Emperor got a Pope.

Thus as it was feigned,
The Pedigree did run;
The Pope he got a Fryer,
The Fryer he got a Nun:
The Nun by chance did stumble,
And on her Back she sunk,
The Fryer fell a top of her,
And so they got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
With whom he did inhabit,
Who when the Father died,
The Son became Lord Abbot:
Lord Abbot had a Maid,
And he catcht her in the Dark,
And something he did to her,
And so begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
The Sexton got a Digger;
The Digger got a Preband,
The Preband got a Vicar;
The Vicar got an Attorney,
The which he took in snuff;
The Attorney got a Barrister,
The Barrister got a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counſel;
Good Counſel got a Fee,
The Fee did get a Motion,
That it might Pleased be;
The Motion got a Judgment,
And ſo it came to paſs;
A Beggar's Bratt, a ſcolding Knave,
A Crafty Lawyer was.

PILLS to Purga Melancholy.

65

A New BALLAD upon a Wedding.



THE Sleeping *Thames* one Morn I cross'd,
By two contending *Charons* tost;
I Landed and I found,
Of *Neptune's* jugling Tricks,
That *Thames* was turn'd to *Stryx*,
Lambeth th' Elysian Ground.

2

Dirty Linkboy of the Day,
Make himself more fresh and gay,
Had spent five Hours, and more;
He had he Comb'd and Curl'd his Hair,
But out there comes a brighter Fair,
Eclips'd him o'er, and o'er.

A dazl'd Boy wou'd have retir'd,
But durst not, because he was hir'd,

To

To light the Purblind Skies;
 But all on Earth, will Swear and say,
 They saw no other Sun that Day,
 Nor Heav'n, but in her Eyes.

Her starry Eyes, both warm and shine,
 And her dark Brows, do them enshrine,
 Like Love's Triumphal Arch;
 Their Firmament is Red and White,
 Whilst the other Heav'n is but bedight,
 With *Indigo* and *Starch*.

Her Face a Civil War had bred;
 Betwixt the White Rose and the Red,
 Then Troops of Blushes came;
 And charg'd the White with might and main,
 But stoutly were repuls'd again,
 Retreating back with shame.

Long was the War, and sharp the Fight,
 It lasted dubious until Night,
 Which wou'd to the other yield;
 At last the Armies both stood still,
 And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
 The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, such Spoils! which to compare,
 A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
 And Scepters are but sticks;
 The Crown it self, 'twere but a Bonnet;
 If her Possession lay upon it,
 What Prince wou'd not here fix.

Heaven's Master-piece, Divinest frame,
 That e'er was spoke of yet by Fame,
 Rich Nature's utmost Stage;
 The Harvest of all former years,
 The past's Disgrace, the future's fears,
 And glory of this Age.

Thus to the Parson's Shop they trade,
 And a slight Bargain there is made,

To make Him her Supreme;
 Angels pearch'd about her Light,
 Saints themselves had Appetite,
 But I will not Blaspheme.

Carson did his Conscience ask,
 Were fit for such a Task,
 And cou'd perform his Duty
 Straight the Man put on the Ring,
 Emblem of another thing,
 When strength is joyn'd to Beauty.

Best Cloud her Face invades,
 Wraps it up in Sarsnet Shades,
 While thus they mingle Hands;
 When she was oblig'd to say,
 Bug-bear Words, *Love and Obey*,
 But meant her own Commands.

vious Maids lookt round about,
 What One wou'd take them out,
 To terminate their Pains;
 O' they Covet, and are Cross,
 All they value more one Loss,
 Than many Thousand Gains.

ts of the Garter, two were Call'd,
 ts of the Shoe-string, two install'd,
 And all were bound by Oath;
 Rather than the Knee to pass,
 ! the Squire of the Body was
 A better place than both.

ous Feast protracts the time,
 ting now, was but a Crime,
 And all that interpos'd;
 te two Duellists they stood,
 g for one another's Blood,
 And longing till they clos'd.
 came the Jovial Musick in,
 many a merry *Violin*,
 That Life and Soul of Legs;

Th' impatient Bridegroom would not stay,
 Good Sir, cry they, what Man can play,
 Till he's wound up his pegs.

But then he Dances till he reels,
 For Love and Joy had Wing'd his Heels,
 And puts the Hours to flight;
 He leapt and skipt, and seem'd to say,
 Come Boys, I'll drive away the Day,
 And shake away the Night.

The lovely Bride, with Murd'ring Arts,
 Walks round, and Brandishes her Darts,
 To give the deeper Wound;
 Her Beauteous Fabrick, with such grace,
 Ensnares a Heart, at every pace,
 And Kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no Ground,
 And sliely draws her Nets around,
 Her Lime-twigs are her Kisses;
 Then makes a Curtsie with a Glance,
 And strikes each Lover in a Trance,
 That Arrow never misses.

Thus have I oft a Hobby seen,
 Daring of Larks over a Green,
 His fierce occasion tarry;
 Dances about them as they fly,
 And gives them sport before they Die,
 Then stoops and Kills the Quarry.

Her Sweat, like Honey-drops did fall,
 And Stings of Beauty pierc'd us all,
 Her shape was so exact;
 Of Wax she seem'd fram'd alive,
 But had her Gown too been a Hive,
 How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus envious Time prolong'd the Day,
 And stretch'd the Prologue to the Play,
 Long stopp'd the sluggish Watch;

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

69

A Voice came from above,
call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
To Consummate the Match.

If Heav'n wou'd it retard)
Quiet comes, like the Night-Guard,
Which stay'd them half the Night;
Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd,
Rain was laying to be fir'd,
He went his Match to light.

He return'd, his Hopes was crown'd,
Angel in the Bed he found,
So glorious was her Face;
He stopt — but then, quoth He,
Is an Angel, 'tis a She,
And leap'd into his Place.

May the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
With a Thousand pleasing Charms,
In Raptures of Delight;
Sing at once, and Sowing Joys,
Beauty's Manna never cloy,
Kills the Appetite.

That was done, sure was no more,
That which had been done before,
When she her self was Made;
Nothing was lost, which none found out,
He that had it cou'd not shew't,
Sure 'tis a Jugling Trade.



A S O N G.



P*Hillis* at first seem'd much afraid,
Much afraid, much afraid,
Yet when I Kifs'd, she soon repay'd;
Could you but see, could you but see,
What I did more, you'd Envy me,
What I did more, you'd Envy me,
You'd Envy me.

so sweetly were employ'd,
 ight of Pleasure we enjoy'd;
 ou but see, could you but see,
 y so too, if you saw me,
 y so too, if you saw me,
 aw me.

so Charming, Kind, and Free,
 er could more Happy be;
 ou but see, could you but see,
 I was then, you'd wish to be,
 I was then, you'd wish to be,
 ish to be.

Delights we did express,
 ving more still to possess;
 ou but see, could you but see,
 Curse, and say, why was't not me,
 Curse, and say, why was't not me,
 as't not me.

if how to Love you'd know,
 inform what we did do;
 'd you see, but cou'd you see,
 cry aloud, the next is me,
 cry aloud, the next is me,
 xt is me.





PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

A SONG.



FROM Twelve years old, I oft have been to
A Pudding it was a delicate bit;
I can remember my Mother has said,
What a Delight she had to be Fed

With a

Thirteen being past, I long'd for to taste,
What Nature or Art, could make it so sweet;
For many gay Lasses, about my Age,
Perpetually speak on't, that puts me in a rage

For a

Now at Fifteen, I often have seen,
Most Maids to admire it so;
That their Humour and Pride is to say,
O what a Delight they have for to play

With a

I am among, some Wives that are young,
think they shall never give it due praise;
Sweet, It is good, It is pleasant still,
yet, they think they shall ne'er have their fill
Of a Pudding.

greater sort of the Town and the Court,
met, their Tongues being tipp'd with Wine;
Merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,
how they ended, and how they begun
With a Pudding.

Antient Wives, who most of their Lives,
daily tasted of the like Food;
for want of Supplies, do Swear and Grumble,
till they're able enough to Mumble
A Pudding.

Now I find, Cat will to kind,
all my Heart, and Blood is on fire;
resolv'd whatever comes on't,
they no longer shall suffer the want
Of a Pudding.

to John, who says he has one,
cramm'd as close as a Cracker or Squib;
never is telling me when we do meet,
wishing desires and sweetness they get
In a Pudding.

that at first, it never would burst,
as hard as Grissel or Bone;
the Rowling and Trowling about,
kindly and sweetly the Marrow flew out
Of his Pudding.

Since I ne'er was fed with such geer,
my John did prove so kind;
a request to prepare again,
might continue in Love with the strain
Of his Pudding.
The

Then straight he brought, what I little thought,
 Could ever have been in its former plight ;
 He Rumbld and Jumbld me o'er, and o'er,
 Till I found he had almost wasted the store

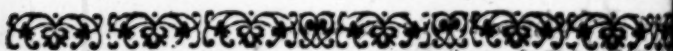
Of his Pills

Then the other Mefs, I begg'd him to dress,
 Which by my Assistance was brought to pass ;
 But by his dulness and moving so slow,
 I quickly perceiv'd the stuffing grew low

In his Pills

Tho' he grew cold, my Stomach did hold,
 With Vigour to relish the other bit ;
 But all he could do, could not furnish again,
 For he swore he had left little more than the Skin

Of his Pills



A SONG.





Musick be the Food of Love,
 sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on,
 am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy;
 then my listning Soul you move,
 then my listning Soul you move,
 Pleasures that can never cloy:
 Eyes, your Mein, your Tongue declare,
 you are Musick ev'ry where.

ures invade both Eye, and Ear,
 fierce the transports are, they Wound;
 all my Senses feasted are,
 o' yet the Treat is only sound:
 I must Perish by your Charms,
 as you save me in your Arms.

A New SONG, upon the Robin-red-breast
tending Queen Mary's Hearse in Westminster
Abby.



ALL you that lov'd our Queen alive,
Now Dead lament Her fate ;
And take a walk to *Westminster*,
To see Her lie in State.

Amongst all other glorious sights,
A Wonder you may see ;
A Bird, or something like a Bird,
Attend Her Majesty.

Sometimes it Hops, sometimes it Flies,
Then Perches o'er the Hearse ;
Then strains its Throat, and Sings a Note,
That's neither Prose nor Verse.

The Tune is Solemn as if Set
To fit some doleful Ditty ;
In Lamentation for the Queen,
To move all Hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird, it seems to be,
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings ;
Nor is their Feather'd Creatures else,
That Hops, and Flies, and Sings.

what Bird 'twas not known, until,
he Wiser than the rest;
m'd that he a *Robin* was,
and prov'd it by his Breast.

it He, not She, became,
Sings, and Cocks its Tail;
ch that no Female *Robin* doth,
hold a Pot of Ale.

Bird abides about the Hearse,
oft part of every Day;
can you fail to hear him Sing,
less the Organs play.

Organ Pipes, b'ing wider much,
an *Robin-red-Breast's* Throat;
r noise must needs be loud enough,
drown one *Robin's* Note.

say this Bird an Angel is,
so, we hope 'tis good;
why an Angel? why forsooth,
they say, he takes no food.

that the *Robin* lives by meat,
true, without dispute;
who' none ever saw him eat,
ough have seen him Mute.

that sometimes undecently,
on the Statue-Royal;
th made some call him *Jacobite*,
otherwise Illoyal.

Papists say, this Bird's a Fiend,
hich haunts Queen *MART's* Ghost;
by its restless motion shews,
w her poor Soul is tost.

But why then is this pretty Bird,
 So lively brisk and merry;
 This rather proves the Queen at ease,
 And safe from Purgatory.

An old Star-gazing * Taylor says,
 This frolick Bird proclaims;
 How glad all such as he would be,
 To welcome home King JAMES.

* Gad
 Jacobite
 Mack m

And Partridge, who can make both Shoes,
 And Almanacks to boot;
 Says by this Bird assuredly,
 Some Plot is still on Foot.

† Pe
 # Shu
 now m
 Thonach

For having like an Augur, watch'd,
 Which way he took his flight;
 The Robin flew on his left-hand,
 And not upon the right.

A Bird once in Rome's Capitol,
 Said all ¶ things shall be well;
 And why this harmless Robin should,
 Bode ill I cannot tell.

¶ g
 rades.
 Suetonius
 Life of
 tian.

All we can guess, is from this Bird's
 Appearing still alone;
 Which represents our King's Sole case,
 Now his fair Queen is gone.

The Robin may have lost his Mate,
 So hath King William his;
 And that he may well match again,
 Our hearty Prayer is.

SONG. *New Set by Mr.*
Church.



Leave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy Vow,
And fall again to Drinking;
At Beauties that want Sack allow,
Is hardly worth thy thinking:
Love or small can never hold.
Without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.

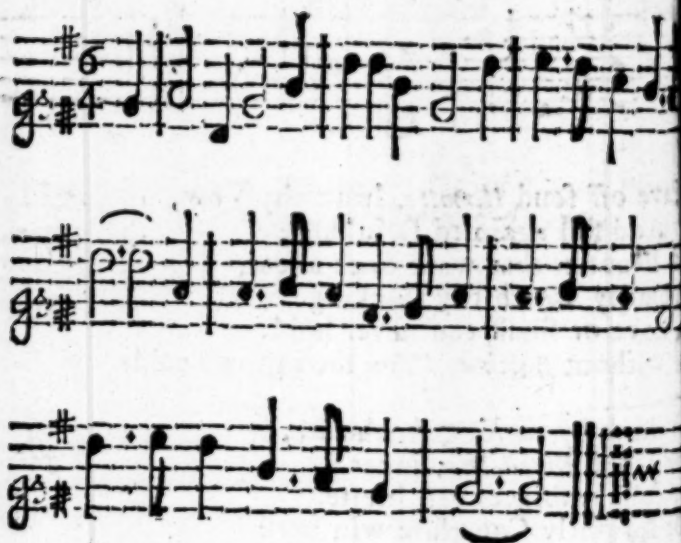
Think by turning Anchorite,
Or a dull *Small-Beer* sinner;
By cold embraces can invite,
Or sprightly Courtship win her:
'Tis *Canary* that inspires,
Sack like Oyl, gives Flames to Am'rous fires.

This makes thee chant thy Mistress name,
 And to the Heavens raise her;
 And range this Universal frame,
 For Epithets to praise her:
 Low Liquors render Brains unwitty,
 And ne'er provoke to Love, but move to pity,

Then be thy self, and take thy Glas,
 Leave off this dry Devotion;
 Thou must like *Neptune*, court thy Lass,
 Wallowing in *Nectar's* Ocean:
 Let's offer to each Ladies shrine,
 A full crown'd Bowl, here's a Health to thine.



A SONG. *New Set by*
 Church.



O Boy, hey Boy,
Come, come away Boy,
and bring me my longing desire;
as that is Neat, and can well do the Feat,
then lusty young Blood is on fire.

her Body be Tall,
her Waist be Small,
and her Age not above Eighteen;
her care for no Bed, but here let spread,
her Mantle upon the Green.

her Face be fair,
her Breasts be bare,
and a Voice let her have that can Warble;
her Belly be Soft, but to mount me aloft,
her Bounding Buttocks be Marble.

her have a Cherry Lip;
ere I *Nectar* may sip,
let her Eyes be as Black as a Sloe;
let her Locks I do love; so that those hang above,
the same with what grows Below.

ach a bonny Lass,
bring wonders to pass,
and make me grow younger, and younger;
whene'er we do part, she'll be Mad at the Heart;
I'm able to tarry no longer.



*The Devil's Progress on Earth, or Huggle
Duggle, &c.*



F*Rier Bacon walks again,
And Doctor Forster too,
Proserpine and Pluto,
And many a Goblin more:
With that a merry Devil
To make the Airidge vow'd;
Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laugh'd aloud.*

by think you that he laugh'd,
 Forsooth he came from Court;
 And there amongst the Gallants
 Had spy'd such pretty Sport:
 There was such cunning Jugling,
 And Ladies gone so proud;
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the City
 Away the Devil went,
 To view the Merchant's Dealings
 'T was his full Intent,
 And there along the brave Exchange
 He crept into the croud,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,
 To see all there was well;
 Their Scales were false, their Weights were light,
 Their Conscience fit for Hell:
 And Panders chosen Magistrates,
 And Puritans allow'd,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country
 Away the Devil goeth,
 For there is all plain Dealing,
 For that the Devil knoweth:
 The Rich Man reaps the Gains,
 For which the poor Man plough'd;
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in haste,
 Took post away to Hell;
 And call'd his Feltow Furies,
 And told them all on Earth was well:
 That Falshood there did flourish,
 Plain Dealing was in a Cloud;
Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
The Devils laugh'd aloud.

A SONG, New set by Mr. Church.



Like a Ring without a Finger,
 Or a Bell without a Ringer,
 Like a Horse was never ridden,
 Or a Feast, and no Guest bidden;
 Like a Well without a Bucket,
 Or a Rose if no Man pluck it;
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid:

The Ring, if worn, the Finger decks,
 The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks,
 The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
 The Feast doth please, if Guest be bidden;

h.
 bucket draws the Water forth,
 use when pluckt is still more worth;
 is the Virgin in my Eyes,
 lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

the Stock not grafted on,
 a Lute not play'd upon;
 Jack without a Weight,
 Barque without a Freight;
 Lock without a Key,
 Candle in the Day,
 such as these may she be said,
 lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

grafted Stock doth bear best Fruit,
 as Musick in the finger'd Lute,
 Weight doth make the Jack go ready;
 Freight doth make the Bark go steady:
 Key the Lock doth open right,
 Candle's useful in the Night:
 is the Virgin in my Eyes,
 lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Call with *Anon* Sir,
 Question, and no Answer:
 Ship was never rigg'd,
 Mine was never digg'd:
 Wound without a Tent,
 Box without a Scent:
 such as these may she be said,
 lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

Anon Sir, doth obey the Call,
 civil Answer pleaseth all:
 riggs a Ship, sails with the Wind,
 digs a Mine doth Treasure find:
 Wound by wholesome Tent hath ease,
 Box perfum'd the Senses please:
 is the Virgin in my Eyes,
 lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
 Or Commendation, and no Token:
 Like a Fort, and none to win it,
 Or like the Moon, and no Man in it;
 Like a School without a Teacher,
 Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher:
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,
 The Token doth adorn the Greet;
 There's Triumph in the Fort being won,
 The Man rides glorious in the Moon:
 The School is by the Teacher fill'd,
 The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd;
 Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
 Or a thing too long deferr'd:
 Like the Gold was never tried,
 Or the Ground unoccupied;
 Like a House that's not possessed,
 Or a Book was never pressed:
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
 Due Season sweetens every thing;
 The Gold that's try'd from Dross is pur'd,
 There's Profit in the Ground mannur'd;
 The House is by Possession graced,
 The Book well press'd is most embraced:
 Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries, e'er she dies.

A SONG.



ent to the Alehouse as an honest Woman shou'd,
 a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves wou'd,
 es will be Knaves in every Degree,
 ll you by and by how this Knave serv'd me.

d for my Pot as an honest Woman shou'd,
 he Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
 ives will be Knaves, &c.

nt into my Bed, as an honest Woman shou'd,
 he Knave crept into'r, as you know Knaves wou'd,
 ives will be Knaves, &c.

ved with Child as an honest Woman shou'd,
 the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
 es will be Knaves in every Degree,
 thus have I told you how this Knave serv'd me.

A Scotch SONG.



AS I sat at my Spinning-Wheel,
 A bonny Lad there passed by,
 I kenn'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
 Geud Feth he had a bonny Eye:
 My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
 As he my Presence did draw near,
 And round about my slender Waite,
 He clasp'd his Arms, and me embrac'd:
 To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
 As I sat at my Spinning-Wheel.

Milk white Hand he did extol,
prais'd my Fingers long and small,
said, there was no Lady fair,
ever could with me compare :
those pleasing Words my Heart did feel,
still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

I seemingly did chide,
he would never be deny'd,
did declare his Love the more,
my Heart was Wounded fore ;
that I my Love cou'd scarce conceal,
yet I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
after that my Spinning-Wheel,
I leave them all with Speed,
I go with him to yonder Mead :
my panting Heart strange Flames did feel,
still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He stop'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
I speed the Wheel, my bonny Maid,
thou'st to the Hay-Cock go,
I'll turn the better Work I trow,
I'll Fetch, I lik'd him passing weel,
still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He wily veil'd his Bonnet oft,
sweetly kist my Lips so soft ;
I'll be between each Honey Kiss,
I'll lead me on to farther Blifs :
I felt a resistless Fire did feel,
I'll let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

With the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
I'll lie with my bonny Lad I lay,
No Damsel ever could deny,
I'll be with such a Charming Eye ?
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,
I'll surpass the Spinning-Wheel.

A SONG.



mon why will you die for Love,
 Yet ne'er your flames discover;
 wife and soon that pain remove,
 the Nymph (or tell the Nymph) you Love her:
 in each of her fierce disdain,
 Love's cruel Anguish:
 who wants Sense to beg for ease,
 yes, (deserves in pain, in pain,
 erves) in pain to Languish.

en like Fortune Love the bold,
 e her their minds they vary;
 os this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,
 th you the next She'll Marry:
 e be true if She is kind,
 ruel then forget her;
 little pains you soon will find,
 Nymph who'll use you better.

A SONG.





YOU understand no tender Vows,
 Of fervent and eternal Love ;
 That Lover will his labour lose,
 Who does with sighs and tears propose,
 Your Heart to move :
 But if he talk of settling Land,
 A House in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
 You understand, you understand.

You understand no Charm in Wit,
 In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air ;
 To any Fop you will submit,
 The Nauseous Clown, or fulsome Citty,
 If rich they are,
 Who Guineas can may you command,
 Put Gold, and then put in your ———
 You understand, you understand.

oly.

A SONG.



Since roving of late,
Is as fatal as War;
And no Female sinner,
Will deal on the square;
Since to keep's out of Fashion,
And drains the poor Cully;
While his Miss at his cost,
Keeps some rascally Bully.

Since Mistresses sell,
And Wives buy the Pleasure;
And to wed or be constant's
The same in some Measure;
As soon as I can,
I will leave Fornication.
And get a good Wife,
If there's one in the Nation.

One modestly free,
Not too proud of her Means;
And tho' she writes Woman,
Not out of her Teens,
Not indebted to Art,
For her Wit nor her Beauty,
Yet whose Charms daily prompt me,
To Family Duty.

Who visits the Church.
Tho' custom can't move her,
To play there at Bo-peep,
Cross Pew with a Lover:
Yet let her with care,
Sun a contrary evil,
Lest Angel at Church,
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who to noose,
Some young *Bubble* bestows,
Her whole slender Fortune,
In Trifles and Cloaths;

over-fond Dotard,
Palls ev'ey pleasure,
For Bottle or Friend,
Would leave me no leisure.

kind and gay,
Come before Wedlock,
Slut and a Shrew,
She holds me in Fetlock:
I in haste,
Near liberty barter,
Sinking to catch,
Caught by a *Tartar*.

Press much Sense,
All Vertues admit,
In to good humour,
With Beauty and Wit;
Sincere affection,
Always must love me,
Beauty but hers,
Be able to move me.

Oh may she be,
Shall tempt me to Marry;
Is no such she,
There is, I must tarry:
When she is found,
No more be a Rover,
And her with speed,
What's strange, I'll Love her.



The surpriz'd Nymph. A S O N

THe four and twentieth day of May,
 Of all days in the year;
 A Virgin Lady fresh and gay,
 Did privately appear:
 Hard by a River side got she,
 And did sing loud the rather;
 Cause she was sure, she was secure,
 And had intent to bathe her.

glittering, glancing, jealous Eyes,
lily looks about;

if any lurking Spies

hid to find her out:

being well resolv'd that none,

should see her Nakedness,

would her Robes off one by one,

did her self undress.

purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,

Ivory Hands unpinn'd;

and have made a Coward bold,

empted a Saint to 'a sinn'd:

and about and look'd around,

tho' she, I hope I'm safe;

her rosie Petticoat,

presently put off.

now white Smock which she had on,

apparently to deck her,

like Cambrick or Lawn,

an Alabaster Picture:

which Array I did faintly spy

Belly and her Back;

thumbs were straight, and all was white,

that which should be Black.

fluent Stream she leapt,

lookt like *Venus* Glass;

thence from all Quarters crept,

see what Angel 'twas:

so like a Vision look,

fancy in a Dream;

thought the Sun the Skies forsook,

dropt into the Stream.

fish did with himself a Man,

at her all was drawn,

the Sight of her began

spread abroad their Spawn:

She turn'd to swim upon her Back,
 And so display'd her Banner;
 If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
 He wou'd have dropt upon her.

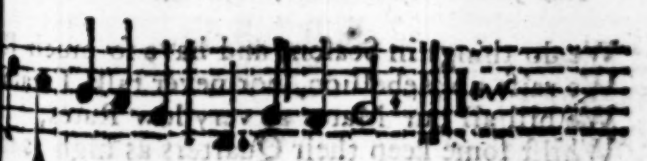
A Lad that long her Love had been,
 And cou'd obtain no Grace,
 For all her prying lay unseen,
 Hid in a secret place:
 Who had often been repuls'd,
 When he did come to Wooe her;
 Pull'd off his Cloaths, and furiously
 Did run and leap into her.

She squeak'd, she cry'd, and down she div'd,
 He brought her up again;
 He brought o'er upon the Shore,
 And then—— and then—— and then——
 As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,
 You may guess what I mean;
 Because she all uncover'd lay,
 He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes she pants and crys,
 I'm utterly undone;
 If you will not be wed to me,
 E'er the next Morning Sun:
 He answer'd her he ne'er would stir,
 Out of her Sight till then;
 We'll both clap Hands in Wedlock Bands,
 Marry, and to't again.

A SONG.

New sett by Mr. Church.



A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
 There's none leads a Life more jocund than
 A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,
 A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came,
 If as it begins our Tradings do fall,
 We in the Conclusion shall Beggars be all.

*Tradesmen are unfortunate in their Affairs,
 And few Men are thriving, but Courtiers and Plebeians.*

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
 A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
 A Canter my Uncle that car'd not for Pelf,
 A Lifter my Aunt, and a Beggar my self;
 In white wheaten Straw, when their Bellies were full,
 Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.

*And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
 For there's none leads a Life more jocund than he.*

When Boys do come to us, and that their Intents
 To follow our Calling, we ne'er bind 'em present
 Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do better,
 And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot,
 We teach them their *Lingua*, to Crave and to sue,
 The Devil is in them if then they can sue.

*And he, or she, that a Beggar will be,
 Without Indentures they shall be made free.*

We beg for our Bread, yet sometimes it happens
 We feast it with a Pig, Puller, Coney, and Gansons
 For Churches Affairs, we are no Men-slayers,
 We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,
 But if when we beg, Men will not draw their
 We charge, and give Fire with a Volley of Curses.

*The Devil confound your good Worship, we cry,
 And such a bold brazen-fac'd Beggar am I.*

We do things in Season, and have so much Reason
 We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason
 We bill all our Mates at very low Rates,
 Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the States.

Shinkin ap Morgan, with blue-cap or Teague,
no no Covenant enter, nor League.
therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,
none lives a Life more merry than he.

ch petty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
e not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
ometimes the Whip doth make us to skip,
hen we from Tything to Tything do trip,
hen in a poor Bouzing-kan we do bib it,
and more in dread of the Stocks, than the Gibbet.
therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,
when it is Night in the Barn tumbles he.

row down no Alter, nor never do falter,
ch as to change a Gold Chain for a Halter;
ome Men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
ommonly bear forty Pieces about us,
any good Fellows are fine, and look fiercer,
we for their Clothes to the Taylor and Mercer.
if from the Stocks I can keep out my Feet,
or not the Compter, King's-Bench, nor the Fleet.

imes I do frame my self to be lame,
hen a Coach comes, I hop to my Game,
eldom miscarry, or ever do marry,
Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
mon and Susan, like Birds of a Feather,
kiss, and they laugh, and so lie down together.
Piggs in the Pea-straw, intangled they lie,
there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.



A SONG on a Wedding. New Set by Mr. C.



NOW that Love's Holiday is come,
 And *Madg* the Maid hath swept the Room
 And trimm'd her Spic and Pot;
 Awake my merry Muse and sing,
 The Revels and that other thing,
 That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,
Glorinda broke out of her Bed,
 Like *Cynthia* in her Pride,
 Where all the Maiden Lights that were
 Compris'd within our *Hemisphere*,
 Attended at her side.

Not you then, with much ado, I dressed the Bride from Top to Toe!
And brought her from her Chamber;
In her Robes, and Garments gay,
More sumptuous than the live-long Day,
Or Stars inshrin'd in Amber.

Sparkling Bullies of her Eyes,
Two Eclipsed Suns did rise,
Beneath her Chrystal Brow;
Saw, like those strange Accidents,
The sudden changeable Events,
Were like to hap below.

Cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,
Presag'd the blustering Night,
In his encircling Arms and Shade,
W'd to swallow and invade,
And screen her Virgin Light.

Lips, those Threads of Scarlet die,
In Love's Charms and Quiver lie,
Legions of Sweets did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
Crap me! crap me! whilst you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Breasts, those melting Slopes of Snow,
Whose fair Hills in open show,
The God of Love lay knapping;
The swelling Butts of lively Wine,
On their Ivory Tilts did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Waste, that tender Type of Man,
But a small and single Span,
Yet I dare safely swear,
That whole thousands has in Fee,
Would forfeit all, so he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I pass the Line,
 Pray Reader, give me leave to dine,
 And pause here in the middle ;
 The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
 With all the *Hymeneal* Flock,
 The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

Whenas the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
 He star'd, as't had been half his Fees,
 To gaze upon her Face :
 And if the Spirit did not move,
 His Countenance was far above
 Each Sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their Hands;
 And hamper'd them in Marriage Bands,
 As fast as fast may be :
 Where still methinks, methinks I hear,
 That secret Sigh in every Ear,
 Once Love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt again,
 And up the Dishes in a train
 Came smoaking, two and two :
 With that they wip'd their Mouths and sate,
 Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
 Ay, marry, and welcome too.

In Pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Ralph and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*,
 And *Valentine*, eke with *Sybil* so sweet,
 Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet
 As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetched their Frees,
 And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees
 In Claret and good Cheer;
 Then, then began the merry Din,
 For as it was they were all on the pin,
 O ! what kissing and clipping was there.

Luck would have it, the *Parson* said Grace,
 Frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
 Each Lad took his Lass by the Fist,
 When he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her, until
 Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
 He toll'd for the rest of the Grift.

eat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
 Enter'd upon the last Act of the Play,
 The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
 The Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the Ground,
 In seeking the Garter much Pleasure was found;
 'T would have made a Man's Arm have stray'd.

Clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
 Bedded, like the peeping Day,
 Behind *Olympus* Cap;
 Lst at her Head each twittering Girl,
 Fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
 To know the lucky Hap.

Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
 Disappointed in the Bustle,
 The Maidens had shav'd his Breeches;
 Let us not complain, 'tis well,
 With a Storm, I can you tell,
 He sav'd his other Stitches.

Now he bounc'd into the Bed,
 Just as if a Man had said,
 Fair Lady have at all;
 Were twisted at the Hug they lay,
Venus and the sprightly Boy,
 O! who wou'd fear the Fall?

both with Love's sweet Tapor fired,
 Thousand balmy Kisses tired,
 They could not wait the rest;
 Out the Folk and Candles fled,
 To't they went, and what they did,
 There lies the Cream o'th' Jest.

The Wife-Hater. To the foregoing

HE that intends to take a Wife,
 I'll tell him what a kind of Life,
 He must be sure to lead;
 If she's a young and tender Heart,
 Not documented in Love's Art,
 Much Teaching she will need.

For where there is no Path, one may
 Be tir'd before he find the way;
 Nay, when he's at his Treasure:
 The Gap perhaps will prove so strait,
 That he for Entrance long may wait,
 And make a toil of's Pleasure.

Or if one old and past her doing,
 He will the Chambermaid be wooing,
 To buy her Ware the cheaper;
 But if he chuse one most formose,
 Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself shan't keep her.

For when these Things are neatly dress'd,
 They'll entertain each wanton Guest,
 Nor for your Honour care;
 If any give their Pride a Fall,
 They've learn'd a Trick to bear withal,
 So you their Charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your Game,
 With a dull, fat, gross, and heavy Dame,
 Your Riches to increase,
 Alas, she will but jeer you for't,
 Bid you to find out better Sport,
 Lie with a Pot of Grease.

Meager — be thy delight;
 I'll conquer in veneral Fight,
 And waste thee to the Bones;
 A kind of Girls, like to your Mill,
 The more you give, the more crave they will,
 Or else they'll grind the Stones.

Lack, 'tis Odds, she's dev'lish proud;
 Short, Zantippe like to loud;
 If long, she'll lazy be;
 Lish (the Proverb says) if fair;
 Wise and comely, Danger's there,
 Lest she do Cuckold thee.

He bring store of Money, such
 Like to domineers too much;
 Prove Mrs. no good Wife;
 When they cannot keep you under,
 They'll fill the House with scolding Thunder,
 What's worse than such a Life.

If their Dowry only be
 Aty, farewell Felicity,
 Thy Fortune's cast away;
 You must be sure to satisfy her,
 Belly, and in Back desire,
 To labour Night and Day.

Rather than her Pride give o'er,
 I'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore;
 And thou'lt *Assen'd* be;
 I'll like *Assen*, thou may'st weep,
 Think thou forced art to keep,
 All such as devour thee.

Being Noble thou dost wed,
 A servile Creature basely bred,
 Thy Family it defaces;
 Being mean, one nobly born,
 I'll swear to exalt a Court-like Horn,
 Thy low Descent it graces.

If one Tongue be too much for any,
 Then he who takes a Wife with many,
 Knows not what may betide him;
 She whom he did for Learning Honour,
 To Scold by Book will take upon her,
 Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
 To please them you must take great care,
 Or spoil your future Fortune;
 But if departed they're this Life,
 You must be Parent to your Wife,
 And Father all be certain.

If bravely Drest, fair Fac'd and Witty,
 She'll oft be gadding to the City,
 Nor can you say her nay;
 She'll tell you (if you her deny)
 Since Women have Terms, she knows not why,
 But still to keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country ware,
 Of being Cuckold there's less fear,
 But stupid Honesty;
 May teach her how to Sleep all Night,
 And take a great deal more Delight,
 To Milk the Cows than thee.

Consociation makes their Blood agree,
 Too near, where's Consanguinity,
 Then let no Kin be chosen;
 He loseth one part of his Treasure,
 Who thus confineth all his Pleasure,
 To th' Arms of a first Couzen.

He'll never have her at Command,
 Who takes a Wife at Second hand,
 Than chuse no Widow'd Mother;
 The First Cut of that Bit you love,
 If others had, why mayn't you prove,
 But Taster to another.

If She bring Children many,
By thee she'll not have any,
But prove a Barren Doe;
If them She ne'er had one,
'Tis likely she'll have none,
Whilst thou for weak Back go.

Where other Gardners have been Sowing
Seed, but never could find it growing,
You must expect so too;
Where the *Terra Incognita*
Lay'd, you must it Fallow lay,
And still for weak Back go.

Trust not a Maiden Face,
Confidence in Widows place,
Those weaker Vessels may
Leak, or Split against a Rock,
When your Fame's wrapt in a Smock,
'Tis easily cast away.

Be not the Fair, Foul, Short, or Tall,
For a time may Love them all,
Call them your Soul, your Life;
One by one, them undermine,
Whore, or Concubine,
But never as a Married Wife.

*He who considers this, may end the strife,
Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.*



A SONG. *New Set by*
Church.

With 'tis true, I am in Love,
As your black Eyes have made me so;
Solutions they remove,
Former niceness overthrow.

Glowing Char-coals set on fire,
Heart that former flames did shun;
As Heretick unto desire,
Is judg'd to suffer Martyrdom.

Beauty, Since it is thy Fate,
Distance thus to Wound so sure;
Vertues I will imitate,
And see if Distance prove a Cure.

Farewel Mistrefs, farewel Love,
Who lately entertain'd desires;
Men can from that Plague remove,
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel Fires.

For I my Heart acquit,
Those dull Flames, I'll bid a Por
To black Eyes, and Swear their fix
Nothing but a Tinder-box.



A SONG.



TOM and *Will* were Shepherds' Swains,
 They lov'd and liv'd together;
 When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
 Alas! why came she thither;
 For tho' they fed two several Flocks,
 They had but one desire;
Pastora's Eyes, and Amber Locks,
 Set both their Hearts on Fire.

me of Honest gentle Race,
 Father, and by Mother;
 Will was noble, but alas!
 Was a younger Brother:
 As toylsome, Will was sad,
 Huntsman, nor no Fowler;
 As held a proper Lad,
 Will the better Bowler.

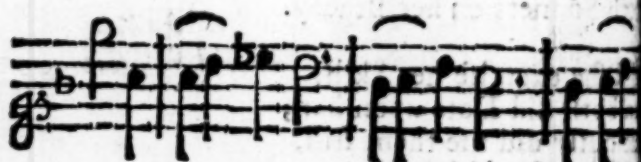
ould drink her Health, and Swear,
 Nation could not want her;
 ould take her by the Ear,
 with his Voice Inchant her:
 ot always in her sight,
 ne'er forgot his Duty;
 as Witty, and could write,
 oth Sonnets on her Beauty.

id she exercise her Skill,
 n both did Dote upon her;
 aciously did use them still,
 still preserv'd her Honour:
 aning and so Fair a She,
 of so sweet Behaviour;
 m thought he, and Will thought he
 chiefly in her Favour.

of these two she loved most,
 whether she loved either;
 ought they'll find it to their cost,
 t she indeed lov'd neither:
 the Court, *Pastora's* gone,
 ad been no Court without her;
 queen amongst all her Train had none
 s half so Fair, about Her.

tung his Dog, and threw away
 Sheep-crook, and his Wallet;
 urst his Pipes, and Curst the day,
 t e'er he made a Sonnet.

A SONG.



body.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

115

With John to Joan, wilt thou have me?
I Prithee now wilt, and I'll Marry with thee;
Now, my Cow, my House and Rents,
My Lands and Tenements:
My Joan, say my Joancey, will that not do?
But, cannot come every day Woe.

Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
Three fat Hogs penn'd up in the Sty;
A Mare and she's coal Black,
On her Tail to save her Back:
My Joan, &c.

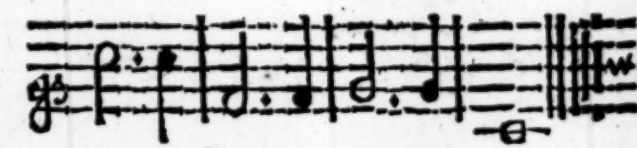
A Cheese upon the shelf,
Not Eat it all my self;
Three good Marks that like in a Rag,
In nook of the Chimney instead of a Bag:
My Joan, &c.

Marry I would have thy consent,
With I never could Compliment;
Say nought but Hoy gee ho,
That belong to Cart and Plough:
My Joan, say my Joancey, will that not do?
But, cannot come every day to Woe.



St.

St. GEORGE for Engl



WHY should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
 We know how many Men have perform'd fights;
 Should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*,
Tristan du Leon, that fought for the Ladies sake:
 Old Stories, and there you'll see
St. George, *St. George*, did make the Dragon flee.
St. George, he was for *England*, *St. Dennis*, was for *France*,
Honi Soit qui mal y pense.

Talk of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell,
 Likewise of the *Romans*, how far they did excell;
Julius and *Scipio*, they many a Field did Fight,
Furius he was a valiant Knight:
Numa and *Remus*, were those that *Rome* did Build,
St. George, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath Kill'd.
St. George he was, &c.

And *Gideon*, they led their Men to Fight,
Israhelites and *Ammonites*, they put them all to flight;
Jephtha's Labour was in the Vale of Brass,
Jephtha slew a thousand, with the Jaw-bone of an Ass:
 When he was Blind, pull'd the Temple to the ground,
St. George, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound,
St. George he was, &c.

And *Orson*, they came of *Pipin's* Blood,
 And *Aldrecus*, they were brave Knights and good;
 Our Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Rich de Burdeaux, and *Godfrey de Bolaigne*:
 They were all French Knights, the Pagans did Convert,
St. George, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragon's heart.
St. George he was, &c.

The Fifth he Conquer'd all *France*,
 Quarter'd their Arms, His Honour to advance;
 Raised their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
 Garnish'd his Head with a double Tripple Crown:
 He humpt the French, and after home He came,
St. George, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath slain.
St. George he was, &c.

St David, you know loves Leeks, and toasted
 And Jason was the Man, brought home the Golden
 St. Patrick you know he was St. George's Boy,
 Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him
 For which Knavish act, a Slave he doth remain
 But St. George, St. George, he hath the Dragon slain
 St. George he was, &c.

Tamberlain the Emperor, in Iron Cage did Crow
 With his bloody Flag display'd before the Tow
 Scanderberg Magnanimous, Mahomet's Bashaw's dr
 Whose Victorious Bones, were worn when he was
 His Beglerbeys, he scorns like dregs, George Cast
 (he)

But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath
 St. George he was, &c.

Ottoman the Tartar, he came of Persia's Race,
 The great Mogul, with his Chests so full of Clo
 (he)

The Grecian Youth, Bucephalus he Manly did
 But those with all their Worthies Nine, St. George
 (them)

Gustavus Adolphus, was Sweedland's Warlike King
 But St. George, St. George, pull'd forth the Dragon
 St. George he was, &c.

Pendragon and Cadwalladar, of British Blood do be
 Tho' John of Gaunt his Foes did daunt, St. George
 (rule the)

Agamemnon, and Cleomedon, and Macedon, did Feat
 But compared to our Champion, they were but
 (ly d)

Brave Malta Knights in Turkish fights, their bra
 (Swords on)

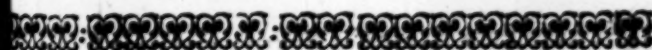
But St. George, met the Dragon, and ran him thro
 (he)

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis for Fr
 Sing Hemi Soit qui mal y pense.

Amazon, Proteus overthrew,
as either Vandal, Goth, Saracen, or Jew;
sent Holophernes, as he lay on his Bed,
Wife Judith, and subtilly stole away his Head:
elope stout, with Jove he fought, although he
(show'd down Thunder,
George, kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a
(wonder.

George he was, &c.

(Queen,
Anthony I'll warrant you, play'd feats with Egypt's
more that Valiant Knight, the like was never
(seen;
organs might was known in Fight, old Bevis
(most Men Frighted,
midons, and Prestor Johns, why were not these
(Men Knighted:
pinola took in Breda, Nassau did it recover,
George, St. George, he turn'd the Dragon over
(and over.
George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France.
Honi Soit qui mal y pense.



Old England turn'd New.

the Tune of the Blacksmith. Pag. 20.

U talk of New England, I truly believe,
Old England is grown New, and doth us deceive,
I ask you a Question or two by your leave,
is not Old England grown New.
are your old Soldiers with Slashes and Scars,
never us'd Drinking in no time of Wars,
shedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars,
is not Old England grown New.

New

New Captains are made that never did Fight,
But with Pots in the Day, and Punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care, is to keep their Swords
And is not Old England grown New.

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your
Your Bucklers, and Targets that never fear'd
They are turn'd to Stillettoes, with other fair
And is not Old England, &c.

Where are your old Courtiers, that used to
With forty Blue-Coats, and Footmen beside?
They are turn'd to six Horses, a Coach with
And is not Old, &c.

And what is become of your old *English* Cloak
Your long sleev'd Doublet, and your trunk Hat
They are turn'd to *French* fashions and other gear
And is not Old, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor; some half year to
To fit a New Suit, to a New Hat and Feather
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloath, Stuff or L
And is not Old, &c.

We have new fashion'd Beards, and new fashion'd
And new fashion'd Hats, for your new Pated
And more New Diseases, besides the *French* P
And is not Old, &c.

New Houses are built, and Old ones pull'd down
Until the new Houses, sell all the Old Ground
And the Houses stand like a Horse in the Pound
And is not Old, &c.

New fashions in House, New fashions at Table
Old Servants discharg'd, and New not so able,
And all good Old custom, is now but a Fable,
And is not Old England grown New.

Trickings, new Goings, new Measures, new Paces,
Heads for Men, for your Women new Faces,
Twenty New Tricks to mend their bad Cases,
is not Old England grown New.

Tricks in the Law; New tricks in the Rolls,
Bodies they have, they look for New Souls,
The Money is paid for Building old *Pauls*,
is not Old, &c.

Talk no more of *New England*,
England is where *Old England* did stand,
Turnish'd, New Fashion'd, New Woman'd, New
(Man'd
is not Old England grown New.

A SONG. To the same Tune.

Tell you a Story if it be true,
Look you to that, I am sure it is New,
Only in *Salisbury* known to a few,
no Body can deny.

Sages have written as we do find,
Spirits departed are monstrous kind,
Friend and Relations left behind,
no Body, &c.

This is no Tale, I shall you tell,
Where there Died, Men thought her in Hell,
In the Grave, as some expound well,
no Body, &c.

When the Devil a Hunting did go,
The Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
Thicker he heard a sound of much Woe,
no Body can deny.

III.

G

It

It was a Lady that Wept, and her Weeping
 Made *Satan* go from listning to peeping,
 Quoth he, what Slave hath this Lady in keeping
Which no Body can deny.

Good Sir, quoth she, if of Woman you came,
 Pity my case, and I'll tell you the same,
 Quoth the Devil, be quick in your story fair Dame
Which no Body, &c.

Quoth she I left two Children behind,
 To whom their Father is very unkind,
 If I could but Appear, I shou'd change his mind
Which no Body, &c.

Fair Dame, quoth the Devil, are these all your
 So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunt
 All whom he knew well, for they were no Saint
Which no Body, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweet-hearts she
 How many was good, and how many was bad,
 The Devil began to think her Stark-mad,
Which no Body, &c.

And so she went on with the cause of the Squ
Belzebub Scratch'd, and was in great trouble,
 For he thought it would prove a two Hours
Which no Body, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
 She caught him fast by the Lilly black Fist,
 Nay, then quoth the Devil, even do what you
Which no Body, &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
 And came with a Vengeance, to give her her
 Then snap went the Lock, and the Candles blew
Which no Body can deny.

she, will you give my Children their Land?
 Husband did Sweat, you must understand,
 I did not think her so near at hand,
Which no Body can deny.

Having recover'd Heart of grace,
 He, you Jade come again in this place,
Caustus his Chamber-pot flies in your Face,
Which no Body, &c.

She could not prevail by means so foul.
 I sought other ways his Mind to controul,
 I went to a Maid, a very good Soul,
Which no Body, &c.

Name of the Father, and so she went on,
 Gracious Madam, what would you have done?
 I it altho' you'd have me a Nun,
Which no Body, &c.

I go to my Husband and bid him do right,
 My two Children, or else by this light,
 I'll strike his Curtain-Rings every Night,
Which no Body, &c.

Now I'll hear no more of his Reasons,
 I'll sit on his Bed, and Read him such Lessons,
 Never were heard at Mr. *Mompessons*,
Which no Body, &c.

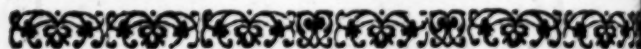
Now she went the Virgin, and flew like a Bird,
 I told the Spirits Husband every Word,
 Which I replied, I care not a T—
Which no Body, &c.

When she was Incarnate, quoth he,
 As much Devil as e'er she could be,
 When I fear'd her no more than a Flea,
Which no Body, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she, consider my plight,
 I am not able to keep outright,
 Three waking Ministers every Night,
Which no Body can deny.

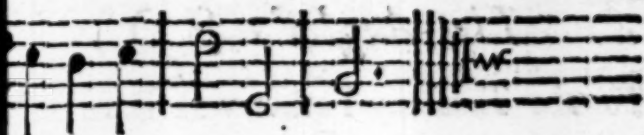
When the Gentleman heard her Ditty so sad,
 Compassion straight his Fury allay'd,
 And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd,
Which no Body, &c.

When the Land as I said, was convey'd to the
 The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,
 And away went the Spirit with a Tuneable V
Which no Body can deny.



A S O N G.





W Happy's the Mortal,
That lives by his Mill;
Depends on his own,
On Fortune's Wheel:
At the flight of his hand,
At the strength of his Back;
Merrily, how merrily,
The Mill goes *Clack, clack, clack,*
Merrily, how merrily,
The Mill goes *Clack.*

A Wife proves a Scold,
Too often 'tis seen;
She may be a Scold,
God bless the Queen:
At her hand to the Mill,
At her Shoulder to the Sack;
She owns all the discord,
The Musical *Clack, clack, clack,*
And, &c.

Our Wives, and your Daughters,
Often prevails;
Kicking a Cog, of a Foot,
At their Tails;
The Hoyden so willingly,
Lays upon her Back;
While he sticks it in,
The Stones cry *Clack, clack, clack,*
While he sticks it in,
The Stones cry *Clack.*

The Angler's SONG.

To the Tune my Father was Born before

Page 45.

OF all the Recreations which
Attend on Humane Nature ;
There's none that is of so high a Pitch,
Or is of such a Stature :
As is the subtle Angler's Life,
In all Mens approbation ;
For Anglers tricks, do daily mix,
In every Corporation.

Whilst *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in Love,
And had no cause of Jangling ;
The Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to Angling :
He baits his Hook, with Godlike look,
Thought he this will entangle her ;
By this all ye may plainly see,
That the Devil was first an Angler.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
Are almost neat entanglers ;
And he that looks fine, will in fine,
That most of them are Anglers :
Whilst grave Divines do Fish for Souls,
Physicians like Curmudgeons ;
They bait with Health, we Fish for Wealth,
And Lawyers Fish for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neat entangler ;
'Mongst Merchant-Men, there's not one in ten
But what is a cunning Angler :
For like the Fishes in the Brook,
Brother doth swallow Brother ;
There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,
And they Fish for one another.

op-keeper I next prefer,
 's a formal Man in Black, Sir;
 brows his Angle ev'ry where,
 d cry's, what is't you lack, Sir:
 Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
 if a Courtier prove th' entangler
 Citizen he must look to't then,
 the Fish will catch the Angler.

here's no such Angling as a Wench,
 rk naked in the Water;
 make you leave both Trout, and Tench,
 d throw your self in after:
 Hook and Line she will confine,
 us tangled is the Entangler;
 this I fear hath spoil'd the Gear,
 many a Jovial Angler.

If you'll Trawl for a Scriv'ner's Soul,
 ft in a Rich young Gallant;
 ke a Courtier by the Pole,
 row in a Golden Tallant:
 yet I fear the Draught will ne'er,
 mpound for half the charge on't;
 If you'll catch the Devil at stretch,
 ou must bait him with a Searjeant.

I have made my Anglers Trade,
 o stand above defiance;
 like the Mathematick Art,
 runs through every Science:
 ith my Angling Song I can,
 o Mirth and Pleasure seize you;
 pair my Hook with Wit again,
 nd Angle still to please you.

The Cavaliers SONG.



HE that is a cleer
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His Substance grow
So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.

Fortune is a Lais
Will embrace,
And soon destroy;
Free born,
In Libertine,
We'll ever be,
Singing *Vive le Roy*.

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
And Fortune is a Whore;
There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,
Or her Power implore.

He that is a trusty Roger,
And hath serv'd his King;
Altho' he be a tatter'd Souldier,
Yet he will skip and Sing:
Whilst he that fights for Love,
May in the way of Honour prove,
And they that make sport of us,
May come short of us,

Fate will Flatter them,
 And will scatter them,
 Whilst the Royalty,
 Looks upon Loyalty,
 We that live peaceably,
 May be successfully,
 Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real Honest Man,
 May be utterly undone,
 To show his Allegiance,
 His love and Obedience,
 But that will raise him up,
 Virtue weighs him up,
 Honour stays him up,
 And we'll praise him;
 Whilst the fine Courtier Dine,
 With his full bowls of Wine,
 Honour will make him fast,

Freely let's be then,
 Honest Men,
 And kick at Fate,
 We
 May live to see
 Our Loyalty,
 Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a Word, or a Sword,
 'Gainst the Throne;
 Or doth prophaneely prate,
 To wrong the State,
 Hath but little for his own.

C H O R U S.

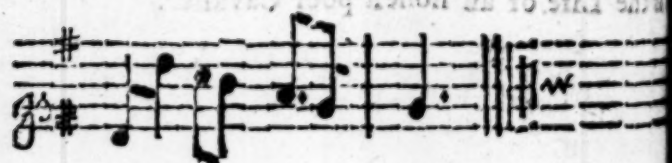
What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,
 Be the prosperous Men;
 Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
 When we come to't agen:

Chery may be fac'd with light,
 and Leachery lin'd with Furr;
 Blackold may be made a Knight,
 as Fortune *de la gar*:
 What is that to us Boys,
 now are Honest Men;
 We'll conquer and come agen,
 at up the Drum agen,
 Hey for Cavaliers,
 Joy for Cavaliers,
 Pray for Cavaliers;
 Dub, a dub, dub,
 Have at old *Belzebub*,
 Oliver stinks for fear.

Monarchy must down, Bullies,
 and every Sect in Town:
 rally, and to't agen,
 em the rout agen,
 they come agen,
 e'em home agen,
 to the right about, *tantar ay ay ay*,
 is the Life of an honest poor Cavalier.



*A Parley, between two West Countrymen
fight of a Wedding.*



I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O things beyond compare;
Such sights again cannot be found,
In any place on *English* ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Chairing Cross*, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
There is a House with Stairs;
And their did I see coming down,
Such Voulks as are not in our Town,
Vorry at least in pairs.

Get the rest one Pestilent fine,
Heard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walkt on before the rest;
Landlord looks like nothing to him,
Singing (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

Urse-a-Park without all doubt,
Could have first been taken out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town;
Lusty Roger there had been,
Little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

Not you what, the Youth was going,
To make an end of his own Wooing,
The Parson for him stay'd;
By his leave (for all his hast)
Did not so much With all past,
Perchance as did the Maid.

Maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
Such a Maid no *Whitson* Ale,
Could ever yet produce;
Grape that's kindly ripe could be,
Round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice.

Fingers was so small, the Ring,
Would not stay on, which he did bring,
It was too wide a Peck;
To say Truth, (for out it must)
Lookt like the great Coller (just)
About our young Colt's Neck.

Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Little Mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light;
Dick, she Dances such away,
Sun upon a *Easter* day,
Is half so fine a fight.

He

He would have kist her once or twice,
 But she would not she was so nice,
 She would not do it in Sight;
 And then she lookt, as who would say,
 I will do what I list to Day,
 And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No Dazy makes Comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone)
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
 The side that's next the Sun.

Here Lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compar'd to that was next her Chin;
 (Some Bee had stung it newly:)
 But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the Sun in July.

Her Mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,
 That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any Sin,
 The Parson himself had guilty been,
 She lookt that Day so purely,
 And did the Youth so oft the Fear,
 At Night, as some did in Conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
 There's *that* that would be thought upon,
 (I trow) besides the Bride:
 The Business of the Kitchin's great,
 For it is fit that Man should eat;
 Nor was it there deny'd.

the Nick the Cook knockt thrice,
the Waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey,
serving-man with Dish in Hand
d boldly up, like our train'd Band,
Presented, and away.

all the Meat was on the Table,
Man of Knife, or Teeth was able
To stay to be intreated;
his very reason was,
the Parson could say Grace,
The Company was seated.

Hats fly off, and Youths carouse,
s first go round, and then the House,
The Brides came thick and thick;
when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
s he made it hers by Stealth;
who could help it *Dick*?

Sudden up they rise and dance,
sit again, and sigh and glance;
Then dance again and kiss;
several ways the Time did pass,
every Woman wish'd her Place,
And every Man wish'd his.

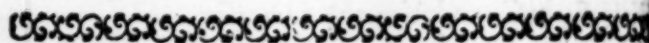
his Time all was stol'n aside,
ounsel and undress the Bride;
But that he must not know:
'twas thought he guest her Mind,
did not mean to stay behind,
Above an Hour or so.

in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,
new fall'n Snow melting away,
(Twas time I trow to part)
s were now the only stay,
ch soon she gave, as who would say,
Good B'w'y! with all my Heart.

But

But just as Heavens would have to cross it,
 In came the Bride-maids with the Posset,
 The Bridegroom eat in spight;
 For had he left the Women to't,
 It would have cost two Hours to do't,
 Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
 All that they had not done they do;
 What that is, you can tell;
 But I believe it was no more,
 Than thou and I have done before,
 With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.



*Of the Downfal of one part of the Mitre
 in Cambridge, or the sinking thereof in
 Cellar. By Mr. Tho. Randolph. The
 Tune of My Father was born before
 Pag. 45.*

Lament, lament you Scholars all,
 Each wear his blackest Gown,
 The *Mitre* that held up your Wits,
 Is now it self fall'n down:
 The dismal Fire on *London-bridge*,
 Could move no Heart of Mine,
 For that but o'er the Water stood,
 But this stood o'er the Wine.

It needs must melt each Christian Heart,
 That this sad News but hears;
 To see how the poor Hogsheads wept,
 Good Sack and Claret Tears:
 The zealous Students of that place,
 Change of Religion fear,
 Lest this Mischance bring in
 The Heresie of Beer.

py *Mitre*, I would know
Cause of thy sad Hap;
it by making Legs too low.
Pembroke's Cardinal Cap?
know thy self! and cringe no more,
e *Popery* went down,
ap should veil to thee, for now
Mitre's next the Crown.

as't because our Company
not frequent thy Cell,
were wont to drown those Cares,
u fox'd thy self and fell?
re, the Devil was a dry,
caus'd that fatal Blow,
he that made the Cellar sink,
he might drink below.

ome do say the Devil did it,
se he would drink up all;
rather think the Pope was drunk,
let the *Mitre* fall;
se now whither, *Faulcon* mew,
st *Sam* enjoys his Wishes;
olphin too must cast her Crown,
t was not made for Fishes.

ign a Tavern best becomes,
t shews who loves Wine best;
Mitre's then the only Sign,
tis the Scholar's Crest.
rink Sack *Sam*, and cheer thy Heart,
or dismay'd at all;
e will drink it up again.
our selves do catch a Fall.

be thy Workmen Day and Night,
ite of Bug-bear Proctors;
rank like fresh Men all before,
now we'll drink like Doctors.

A SONG.

To the Tune of the Blacksmith, Pag.

ILL sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Po
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mi
I'll tell you before-hand you'll find nothing in
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
Nor care I a Rin if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and
Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;
And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.
'Tis *nothing* sometimes that makes many thing
As when Fools amongst wise Men do silent
A Fool that says *nothing* may pass for a Wit.

What one Man loves is another Man's loathing
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new
And both do in the Conclusion love *nothing*.
Your Lad that makes Love to a delicate smooch
And thinking with Sighs to gain her and so
Frequently makes such ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,
But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a Maid
Your flashing, and clashing, and flashing of
Doth start out of *nothing* but Fancy and Fie
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been w

When first by the Ears we together did fall,
Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got a
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.
That Party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in hal
Tho' made our three Kingdoms & Churches
Their Project and all came to *nothing* at last

raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,
 able down Monarchy Branches Root,
 thunder'd, and plunder'd, but *nothing* wou'd do't,
 Organ, the Altar, and Ministers Cloathing,
 Presbyter Jack begot such a loathing,
 he must needs raise a petty new *nothing*.

When he had wrap'd us in sanctify'd Cloathing,
 and the People by faithing and trothing,
 he was catcht, and all came to *nothing*.
 Several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
 scute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
 lay all to *nothing* that *nothing* wins all.

War and Rebellion, and plundering grows,
 mendicant Man is the freest from Foes,
 he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.
 Caesar and Pompey, and great Alexander,
 from Armies did follow as Goose follow Gander,
 can say to an Action of Slander.

Wise great Prince, were he never so stout,
 he conquer'd the World, & gave Mankind the rout,
 bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.
 Noll that arose to High-thing from Low-thing,
 brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
 seven Years Space was both all things and *nothing*.

(Oliver's Heir) that pitiful slow thing,
 once was invested with Purple Cloathing,
 for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*;
 King-killers bold are excluded from Blifs,
 Bradshaw (what feels the Reward on't by this)
 better been *nothing* than now what he is.

Colonel Hewson that lately did crawl,
 fifty Degree from a low Coblers Stall,
 bring all to *nothing*, when All came to All.
 our Gallant that rants it in delicate cloathing,
 lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
 Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *Nothing*.

The

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his
 When Death doth arrest him and bear him away
 At the General Barr will have nothing to say.
 Whores that in Silk were by Gallants embrac'd
 By a Rabble of Prentices lately were chas'd,
 Thus courting and sporting comes to *nothing*

If any Man tax me with Weakness of Wit,
 And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ;
 I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

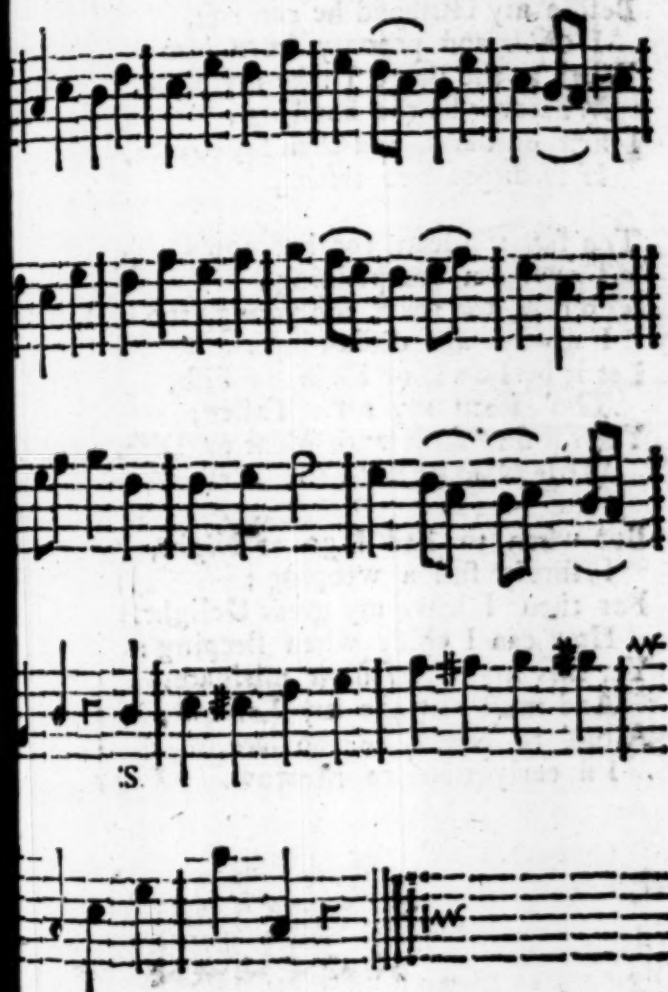
Yet let his Discretion be never so tall,
 This very Word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
 For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every Man give the Poet his due,
 Cause then 'twas with him, as now it's with you
 He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do.

This very Word *nothing*, if took the right way
 May prove advantageous for what would you
 If the Vintner should cry there's *nothing* to pay



Old Wife: New Sett by Mr. Akeroyd.



The Men they do delight in Hounds,
 And some in Hawks take Pleasure;
 Some joy in War and Wounds,
 And thereby gain great Treasure;
 They do love on Sea to sail,
 Others rejoyce in Riding:
 All their Judgments do them fail,
 There's no such Joy as Chiding.

When

When soon as Day I open mine Eyes,
 To entertain the Morning;
 Before my Husband he can rise,
 I *Chide* and proudly scorn him:
 When at the Board I take my place,
 Whatever be the Feasting;
 I first do *Chide*, and then say Grace,
 If so dispos'd to tasting.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too Cold,
 I ever am complaining;
 Too raw, too roast, too young, too Old,
 I always am disdaining:
 Let it be Fowl, or Flesh, or Fish,
 Tho' I am my own Taster;
 Yet I'll find fault with Meat or Dish,
 With Maïd or with the Master.

But when to Bed I go at Night,
 I surely fall a weeping;
 For then I leave my great Delight,
 How can I chide when sleeping:
 Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,
 And must assuage my Sorrow;
 Altho' to Night be too late,
 I'll early *Chide* to Morrow.



Old Simon the King.

humour I was late,
 many good fellows be;
 think of no matters of State,
 seek for good Company:
 best contented me.
 I fell'd up and down;
 company I could find;
 I came to the sight of the Crown:
 the Tapster was sick of the Mumps,
 the Maid was ill at ease,
 the Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
 they were all of one disease,
 Says Old *Simon the King*.

coming in my mind,
 thus I began to think;
 Man be full to the Throat,
 cannot take off his drink,
 if his drink will not down,
 may hang himself for shame;
 say the Tapster at the Crown,
 hereupon this reason I frame;
 it will make a Man Drunk,
 and Drunk will make a Man dry;
 will make a Man sick,
 and sick will make a Man Die,
 Says Old *Simon the King*.

If a Man should be drunk to night,
And laid in his grave to morrow :
Will you or any man say,
That he died of Care or Sorrow ?

Then hang up sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that !

For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man Sing ;
Singing will make a man Laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin,
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this Tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Cann,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the man,
As long as he could rugg:
But when that he was spy'd,
What did he swear or rail ;
No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'll be drunk,
Of frailty it is a sin,
Or for to keep a punk,
Or play at In and In ;
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In spite of the Physician:
Who so fears every Grass,
Must never piss in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Lass,
Must never cry oh! my head oh!
Says Old *Simon* the King.

Cautious Drinker : New set by Mr. Akeroyd.



Y Masters and Friends, who ever intends,
To trouble this Room with Discourse ;
That sit by are as guilty as I,
Your talk the better or worse :
Best you should prate of Matters of State,
Any thing else that might hurt us ;
Whether will drink off our Cups to the brink,
Then we shall speak to the purpose.

If you speak clean from the matter you mean,
It's not a Pin here or there ;
Take this Advice, be both merry and wise,
Know not what Creatures be near :

III.

H

Or

Or suppose that some sot, should lurk in this
 To scatter out words that might hurt us;
 To free that same doubt, we'll see all the pot
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

If any man here be in bodily fear,
 Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak;
 Here's Armour of proof, shall keep her a loof
 Here's Liquor will make a man speak:
 Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
 Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
 Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* ju
 And then he shall speak to the purpose.

He that rails at the times, in Prose or in Rhime
 Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;
 Sings, Prophecies strange, and threatens some d
 And hangs them upon the Queens Tomb:
 He is but a Rayler, or Prophecying Taylor,
 To scatter out words that might hurt us,
 Let's talk of no matches, but drink and sing O
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a Man to reveal,
 His secret thoughts when he bouses;
 He is but a Widgeon, that talks of Religion
 In Taverns or in tipling houses:
 It is not for us, such things to discourse,
 Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;
 But let's begin a new health to our King,
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Amidst of our blifs 'twill not be a miss,
 To talk of our going home late;
 If Constable Kite or a Pis-pot at night,
 Should chance to be split on our pate:
 It were all in vain to rage or complain,
 Or scatter out words that might hurt us,
 'Twere better to trudge home, to honest kin
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

PILLS to *Purge Melancholy.*

147

*Gelding of the Devil by Dick the Baker of
Mansfield Town.*



W listen a while, and I will tell,
of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
of the Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
at *Chester* Market he was bound,
under a Grove of Willows clear,
he rid on, with a merry Cheer:
at the Willows there was a Hill,
there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
 How came thy Horse so fair and fat?
 In troth, quoth the *Baker*, and by my fay,
 Because his Stones were cut away:
 For he that will have a Gelding free,
 Both fair and lusty he must be:
 Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
 Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go.

Go tie thy Horse unto a Tree,
 And with thy Knife come and geld me;
 The *Baker* had a Knife of Iron and Steel,
 With which he gelded the Devil of Hell,
 It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
 Fit for to cut any manner of Stones:
 The *Baker* being lighted from his Horse,
 Cut the Devil's Stones from his Arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil, beshrow thy Heart,
 Thou dost not feel how I do smart;
 For gelding of me thou art not quit,
 For I mean to geld thee this same Day seven
 The *Baker* hearing the Words he said,
 Within his Heart was sore afraid,
 He hied him to the next Market Town,
 To sell his Bread both white and brown.

And when the Market was done that Day,
 The *Baker* went home another way,
 Unto his Wife he then did tell,
 How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
 Nay, a wondrous Word I heard him say,
 He would geld me the next Market Day;
 Therefore Wife I stand in doubt,
 I'd rather, quoth she, thy *Knaves Eyes* were out

I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone,
 Than for to lose any manner of Stone,
 For why, 'twill be a loathsome thing,
 When every Woman shall call thee Gelding

ey continu'd both in Fear.
 The next Market Day drew near;
 Though the good Wife, well I wot,
 I me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Wife, thy Shoon and Cap also,
 Like a Man to the Market will go;
 So she got her all in haste,
 Her Bread upon her Beast:
 When she came to the Hill side,
 She saw two Devils abide,
 One Devil and another,
 Lying under the Hill side together.

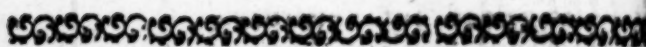
Both the Devil, without any fain,
 Comes the Baker again;
 Thou well Baker, or beest thou woe,
 I geld thee before thou dost go:
 These were the Words the Woman did say,
 I was gelded but Yesterday;
 Both the Devil, that I will see,
 Pluckt her Cloaths above her Knee.

Lying upwards from the Ground,
 He spied a grievous Wound:
 Both the Devil) what might he be?
 Was not cunning that gelded thee,
 When he had cut away the Stones clean,
 And have sowed up the Hole again;
 And the little Devil to him anon,
 Him look to, that same Man.

He went into some private place,
 To some Salve in a little space;
 The Devil was gone but a little way,
 In her Belly there crept a Flea:
 The Devil he soon espy'd that,
 With his Paw and gave her a pat:
 At the Woman began to start,
 She thrust a most horrible Fart.

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come
 For here's another hole broke, by my fay;
 The great Devil he came running in halt,
 VVherein his Heart was fore aghast:
 Fough, quoth the Devil, thou art not found,
 Thou stinkest so fore above the Ground,
 Thy Life Days sure cannot be long,
 Thy Breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.

The Hole is cut so near the Bone,
 There is no Salve can stick thereon,
 And therefore, *Baker*, I stand in doubt,
 That all thy Bowels will fall out;
 Therefore *Baker*, hie thee away,
 And in this place no longer stay.



*To a Friend, who desir'd no more than to
 the Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia*





O' *Sylvia's* Eyes a Flame could raise,
 More fit for Wonder than for Praise;
 Tho' her Wit were clear and high,
 Twere resistless as her Eye:
 without Love, she still shall find,
 deaf to one, to th' other blind.

Fools that think Beauty can prove,
 use sufficient for their Love,
 they never may have more,
 how Looks can cure their Sore:
 such the Sex so high have set,
 they take it not for Gift, but Debt.

We were unto Sight confin'd,
 God of it would not be blind;
 would the Pleasure of it be,
 then in Obscurity:
 to know Joys each Sense hath right,
 at least to that of Sight.

Gods, who knew the noblest part
 Love, sought not the Mind, but Heart;
 when hurt by the winged Boy,
 they admir'd they did enjoy;
 howing a Kindness Love could prove,
 the Hope, Reward, and Cure of Love.

rather my Affections keep
 Nymphs only enjoy'd in Sleep,
 cast away an Hour of Care
 any, 'cause she's only fair:
 Sleep more pleasing Dreams do move;
 are your waking ones of Love.

The Frenzy's less Love to endure,
 Then after to decline the Cure;
 Yet do both, aiming no higher
 Than for to see, and to admire:
 An Idol you'll not only frame,
 But you will too adore the same.

Had there in *Sylvia* nothing shin'd,
 But the unseen Charms of her Mind;
 You would have had the like Esteem
 For her, that I have still for them:
 If Flesh and Blood your Flame inspire,
 Then make those only your Desire.

And Friend, that you may clearly prove,
 'Tis not her Mind alone you love;
 Let her 'twixt us her self impart,
 Give you her Mind, and me her Heart:
 As little Cause then you will find
 As I do now, to love her Mind.



Cælia's Complaint.





r *Calia* once was very fair,
 A quick bewitching Eye she had;
 neatly look'd her braided Hair,
 dainty Cheek would make you mad;
 her Lips, did all the Graces play,
 in her Breast ten Thousand (Thousand) *Cupids* lay.

many a doting Lover came,
 in Seventeen to Twenty one;
 told her of his mighty Flame,
 she forsooth affected none:
 was not handsom, the other was not fine;
 of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

'other Day it was my Fate,
 walk along that way alone,
 no Coach before her Gate,
 at her Door I heard her Mone;
 opt a Tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
 Ladies marry, marry while you may.



AMYNTOR's Welladay.



C *Chloris* now thou art fled away,
Amyntor's sheep are gone astray;
 And all the joy he took to see,
 His pretty Lambs run after thee,
 Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
 Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay)

His Oaten Pipe that in thy praise,
 Was wont to play such round delays:
 Is thrown away, and not a Swain,
 Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;
 'Tis death for any one to say,
 One word to him, but welladay.

May-pole where thy little feet,
 boundly did in measures meet,
 broken down, and no Content,
 lies near Amyntor since you went,
 all that I ever heard him say,
 as Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

those Banks you us'd to tread,
 ever since hath laid his head;
 whisper'd there such pining woe;
 not a blade of Grass will grow:
 Chloris! Chloris! come away,
 and hear Amyntor's Welladay.

A Lady to a Young Courtier.



Love thee! good Sooth, Not I,
 have something else to do;
 you must go Learn to talk,
 you Learn to woo;
 stand, off, go too, go too.

Because

Because you're in the fashion,
 And newly come to Court;
 D'ye think your Cloaths are Orators,
 T'invite unto the sport?
 Ha! ha! who will not jeer thee for't!

Ne'er look so sweetly Youth,
 Nor fiddle with your Band;
 We know you trim your borrow'd Curls,
 To shew your pretty hand:
 But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practice how to jeer,
 And think each word a Jest,
 That's the Court Wit: Alas! you're out,
 To think when finely drest,
 You please me or the Ladies:

And why so confident!
 Because that lately we,
 Have brought another lofty word,
 Unto our Pedigree?
 Your inside seems the worse to me.

Mark how Sir *Whatham* fools;
 Ay marry, there's a Wit,
 Who cares not what he says or swears,
 So Ladies laugh at it;
 Who can deny such blades a bit?



Description of CHLORIS.



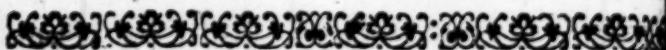
Have you e'er seen the Morning Sun,
 From fair *Aurora's* bosom run?
 Have you seen on *Flora's* Bed,
 Effences of white and red?
 You may boast, for you have seen,
 Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears,
 The sweet Musick of the Spheres?
 Have you e'er hear'd the Syrens sing,
 Orpheus play to Hells black King?
 Be happy and rejoyce,
 Thou hast heard my *Chloris* voice.

Have

Have you e'er smelt what Chymick Skill,
 From Rose or Amber doth distill?
 Have you been near that sacrifice
 The Phoenix makes before she dies?
 Then you can tell (I do presume)
 My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the Bee,
 Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
 Or did you ever taste that meat,
 Which Poets say that Gods did eat?
 O then I will no longer doubt
 But you have found my *Chloris* out.



AMYNTOR's Dream.





And *Amyntor* in a Meadow lay,
 Lumbering upon a bed of new made Hay,
 When, a fatal Dream unlock'd his Eyes,
 That he wakes, and thus *Amyntor* cries;
 Where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! she's fled,
 Left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

how the Winds conspire with storm and rain,
 To stop her course, and beat her back again:
 how the Heavens chide her in her way,
 Rebelling poor *Amyntor* of his joy:
 Yet she comes not *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
 Left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Chloris, come, see where *Amyntor* lies,
 you left him, but with sadder eyes ;
 back that heart which thou hast stolen from me,
 Lovers may record thy constancy :
 she will not, *Chloris* ? O ! she's fled,
 left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

and me (Love) thy wings that I may fly,
 her Bosom, take my leave and die;
 Comfort have I now i'th' World since she,
 was my World of joy is gone from me:
 Love, my *Chloris*? *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
 left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

e *Amyntor* from this Dream for she,
 too much goodness to be false to thee;
 k on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,
 those will quickly satisfy thy Fears:
 no *Amyntor*, *Clelia* is not fled,
 will return unto thy longing Bed.

A SONG.



It was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky,
 And the sweet budding Flowers did spring;
 All alone went Amyntor, and I,
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 Late, and he laid him down by me
 And scarcely his breath he could draw:
 When with a fear, he began to come near,
 He was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

He'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
 His modesty curb'd his desire:
 Night I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire,
 O, Sylvia! said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;
 Once more he prest, with his hand to my breast,
 He was dash'd with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

It was his Passion that caused his fear,
 And therefore I pity'd his case;
 I lov'd him softly, there's no body near,
 And laid my Cheek close to his face:
 As we grow bolder and bolder,
 The Shepherd came by us and saw:
 And straight as our bliss, began with a kiss,
 He laught out with a Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.



A SONG.



THUS all our lives long we're Frolick and
 And instead of Court Revels we merrily
 At Trap, and Kettles, and Barley-break run,
 At Goff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have
 These innocent Sports, we Laugh and lie down
 And to each pretty Lads we give a green Gown.

Each our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
 Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry,
 Nimble Squirrels, with Cudgel we chase,
 The little pretty Lark, betray with a glass:
 When we have done, we Laugh and lie down,
 To each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

On the May-pole we Dance all around,
 With Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd;
 Little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
 To the gay Lad, and bright Lady o'th' May:
 When we have done, &c.

Our delicate Nymphs we Kiss and we Toy,
 Others but Dream of, we daily enjoy;
 Our Sweet-hearts we dally, so long till we find,
 Pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind:
 When we have done, we Laugh and lie down,
 To each pretty Lass, we give a green Gown.



A S O N G.





WHere ever I am, or whatever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in my Mind;
 When Angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My Feet of themselves the way find:
 Unknown to my self, I am just at her Door,
 And when I would rail, I can bring out no more
 Then *Phillis*, too fair and Unkind:
 Then *Phillis*, too fair and Unkind.

Philis I see, my Heart burns in my Breast,
The Love I would stifle is shown;
Sleep or awake, I am never at rest,
When from mine Eyes *Philis* is gone:
Times a sweet Dream doth delude my sad Mind,
Alas! when I wake, and no *Philis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone!
Then I sigh to my self all alone!

And a King be my Rival, in her I adore,
Should offer his Treasure in vain;
Come alone to be Happy and Poor,
And give me my *Philis* again:
Philis be mine, and ever be kind,
And to a Desert, with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign:
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

! I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own Pow'r;
Makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow Jealous each Hour:
Let her each Minute Torment my poor Mind,
Rather love *Philis*, both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her pow'r:
Than ever be freed from her pow'r.



A SONG.



Unhappy a Lover am I,
 Whilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain;
 Hopes of Delight, are another Man's right,
 As Happy, whilst I am in Pain:
 Her Honour affords no relief,
 Her pity the Pains which you bear;
 The best of your Fate, in a hopeless estate,
 We o'er, and betimes to despair.

Why'd the false Medicine in vain,
 With what I hope not to win;
 My desire has no Food to its fire,
 It burns and consumes me within:
 At least, 'tis a Comfort to know,
 You are not unhappy alone;
 The Nymph you adore, is as wretched or more,
 Whose accounts all your sufferings her own.

Now's! let me suffer for both,
 My Feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie;
 I'll stop my Breath, and take pleasure in death,
 As pity'd by her when I Dye:
 Her Honour deny'd you in Life,
 Her Death she will give to her Love;
 The same as is true, after Fate will renew,
 As the Souls do meet closer above.



A SONG.



walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
 Lais was deploring her hapless Estate;
 languishing posture, poor Maid she appears,
 fill'd with her sighs, and blubber'd with her Tears;
 Cry'd and she Sobb'd, and I found it was all,
little of that which Harry gave Doll.

she broke out, Wretched, she said,
 O Youth come succour a languishing Maid?
 what he with ease and pleasure may give,
 at which alas, poor I cannot live!
 I never leave Sighing, and Crying, and Call,
little of that which Harry gave Doll.

when I saw a young Man in the place,
 colour would fade, and then flush in my Face;
 each it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
 I never Popp'd up and down so before:
 I knew for what, but now I find it was all,
little of that which Harry gave Doll.



A SONG.



neath a Mirtle shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
and straight my Love before me brought,
the Object of my waking thought :
till she came, my Flames to meet,
Love strew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
till by her, became, became more sweet.

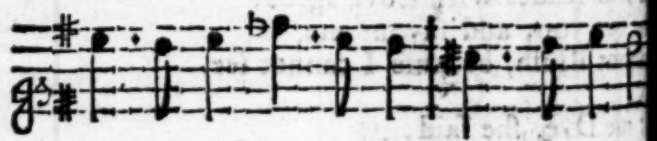
the bright Vision's head,
spotless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread ;
her white Temples, felt her shaded Hair,
cloudy Sun-shine, not too Brown or fair :
Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
every Grace, my Heart did fire,
till her Eyes, which languish'd with desire.

charming Fair, said I,
how can you, my Bliss and yours deny ;
nature and by Love, this lovely shade,
for Revenge of suff'ring Lovers made :
and shades with Love agree,
cherish you, and favour me,
I cannot Blush, because I cannot see.

me Dye, she said,
than lose the Spotless name of Maid ;
the spoke me-thought for all the while,
me not believe her, with a Smile :
she said I, she still deny'd,
till thus, thus, thus she cry'd,
is a harmless Maid ? and so she Dy'd.

and straight I knew,
so well, it made my Dream prove true ;
the kinder Mistress of the two,
had done what *Philis* would not do :
sweet Nymph, cease your disdain,
I can Dream you scorn in vain,
or waking you must ease my pain.

A S O N G.



Thinks the poor Town has been troubled too
 With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song; (long,
 who at once, can both Love and Dispair,
 will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair:
 which justly provokes me in Rhime to express,
 that I know of my Bonny black *Bess*.

Bess of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,
 Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
 plump, yet with ease you may span round her
 (Vaste,
 round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
 belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
 know what I mean, when I drink to the Best.

Flow-man, and Squire, the Erranter Clown.
 me she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown,
 now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
 the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit:
 hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
 at Day and Night, like my Lord —s Drums;

those who have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms,
 gentle and knows how to soften her Charms;
 every Beauty can add a new Grace,
 learn'd how to Liss, and trip in her pace:
 with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
 us with looking, as if she would Dye.



A SONG.



O The time that is past,
 When she held me so fast,
 And declar'd that her Honour no longer could
 When no light but her languishing Eyes did
 To prevent all excuses of Blushes and Fear.

When she sigh'd and unlac'd,
 With such Trembling and hast,
 As if she had long'd to be closer Imbrac'd;
 My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
 While my Mind was in search of hid Treasure im

ly.

My Heart set on fire,
With the flames of desire,
I pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
I cry'd for pity-sake, change your ill Mind,
Amyntas be Civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear Amyntas she crys,
Then casts down her Eyes,
Kisses she gives, what in words she denys;
I of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
I free Consent had more sweetned the Prey.

But too late I begun,
For her Passion was done,
Amyntas she crys, I will never be won;
Tears and your Courtship no pity can move,
I've slighted the Critical minute of Love.

The TOWN Gallant.





T us drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, & Rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;
Changeable World to our Joy is unjust,
Treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust:
Clocks dispose your Pounds Shillings and Pence,
We shall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

Kiss and be free with *Moll, Betty, and Nelly*,
Oysters and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly,
Dinners will make a Lass spring like a Flea,
Venus (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea:
Bacchus and with her we'll tickle the sence,
We shall be past it a Hundred years hence.

Most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
Her Honesty sells for a Hogshead of Honour; (dore)
Her lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendour,
None but the stars, are thought fit to attend her:
Now she be pleasant and sweet to the sence,
We shall be damnable Mouldy a Hundred years hence.

Usurer that in the Hundred takes Twenty,
Wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty,
Up for a Season which he shall ne'er see,
Year One thousand eight hundred and three:
Wit, and his Wealth, his Learning, and Sence,
Be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Chancery-Lawyer, who subtilty thrives,
Prolonging our Suits to the length of three Lives;
Suits which the Clients do wear out in Slavery,
A Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knavery:
Boast of Subtilty in th' Present Tense,
We shall be *Inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Why should we surmoile in Cares and in Fears,
Sell all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears;
Eat, drink and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,
Certain *post mortem nulla Voluptas*:
Deal with our Damfels, that we may from thence,
Broods to succeed us a Hundred years hence.

DORINDA *Lamenting the loss of*
AMYNTAS.

to the Pleasures and Follies of Love,
 or a Passion more noble my fancy does move;
 Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
 howful Notes my *Amyntas* his Name:
 Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me come—
 never shalt see thy *Amyntas* again; (plain,
 For Death has befriended him,
 Fate has defended him,
 none alive is so happy a Swain.

Shepherds & Nymphs, that have danc'd to his lays,
 help me to Sing forth *Amyntas* his Praise;
 Gain for the Garland, durst with him dispute,
 yet were his Notes, while he sang to his Lute:
 come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue,
 give him a Garland, with Cypress and Yew;
 For Life hath forsaken him,
 Death hath o'erraken him,
 Gain again will be ever so true.

Leave me alone to my wretched estate,
 him too soon, and I lov'd him too late;
 Echoes, and Fountains, my witnesses prove,
 deeply I Sigh for the loss of my Love:
 Now of our *Pau*, whom we chiefly adore,
 now I never will cease to Implore;
 That now I may go above,
 And there enjoy my Love,
 then I never will part with him more.



A SONG.



LET's Love and let's Laugh,
 Let's Dance and let's Sing;
 While shrill Ecchoes ring;
 Our Wishes agree,
 And from Care we are free,
Then who is so Happy, so happy as we?

We'll press the soft Grass,
 Each Swain with his Lass,
 And follow the Chase;
 When weary we be,
 We'll sleep under a Tree,
Then who is so Happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud,
 No Shepherds betray'd,
 Or Cheats the fond Maid;
 No false subtle Knee,
 To deceive us we see,
Then who is so Happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,
 They cannot be poor,
 That wish for no more;
 Some Richer may be,
 And of higher degree,
And none are so Happy, so happy as we.

A SONG.



T the daring Advent'ers be tofs'd on the Main,
 And for Riches no Danger decline ;
 ' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
 they can bring us no Treasure like Wine :
 ' with Hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
 they can bring us no Treasure like Wine.

Enough

Enough of such Wealth would a *Beggar* enrich,
And supply great wants in a *King* :
'Twould smooth off the Griefs in a comfortless *W*
And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
'Twould smooth, &c.

There's none that groans under a burthensome
If this Sovereign Balsom he gains,
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
This will make, &c.

It swells all our Veins with a kind purple *Flo*
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the *M*
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can be
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine :
Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.



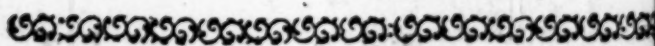
A SONG.



P *Astora's* Beauties when unblown,
 E'er yet the tender Budd did cleave,
 To my more early Love were known,
 Their fatal Power I did perceive :
 How often in the dead of Night,
 When all the World lay hush'd in Sleep;
 Have I thought this my chief Delight,
 To sigh for you, for you to weep.

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white,
 No Letter yet did ever stain :
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The Fair *Pastora* here must Reign :
 Her Eyes, those darling Suns shall prove
 Thy Love to be of noblest Race ;
 Which took its Flight so far above,
 All Humane things on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise,
 A Love that was infus'd by you ;
 You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
 And all its Griefs that did ensue :
 The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain ;
 Now shew the Power you have to heal,
 And take away the tort'ring Pain.



A SONG.





To the Myrtle Shade,
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
 Will not here invade,
 Vertue all Freedom yields,
 Here opens her Arms,
 Soften the languishing Mind;
 Phillis unlocks her Charms:
 Phillis! ah! why so kind?

the Soul of Love,
 Joy of Neighbouring Swains:
 That crowns the Groves,
 Phillis that gilds the Plains:
 That ne'er had the Skill,
 To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
 Phillis, whose Byes can kill,
 Whom Nature has made Divine.

whose charming Tongue,
 Sets Labour and Pain a Delight;
 That makes the Day young,
 Shortens the live-long Night:
 whose Lips like May,
 Laugh at the Sweets they bring,
 Love never knew Decay,
 Sets with eternal Spring.

The

The Claret Bottle.

A Pox of the fooling and plotting of late,
 What a Pother and Scir has it kept in the
 Let the Rabble run mad with Suspitions and
 Let 'em scuffle and jarr till they go by the Ear
 Their Grievances never shall trouble my Patience
 So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at Quiet.

[Ease,

Coxcombs were those, who would barter their
Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?

Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
been but true Subjects to drink and their King;
and a Bottle is all my Design,
room for Treason that's top full of Wine.

not the Menders and Makers of Laws,
fit or prorogue as his Majesty pleases;
damn us to Woolen, I'll never repine
Lodging when Dead, so alive I have Wine:
in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
em for making my Claret so dear.

not grave Asses, who idly debate,
Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;
a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
trouble his Head with who shall come after.
ere's to his Health, and I wish he may be
from all Care, and all Trouble as we.

are I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
agues betwixt *Slaney* and *Mounfieur d'Armen*;
concerns it my Drinking if *Cassal* be sold,
Conqueror takes it by storming or Gold.
bourdeaux alone is the place that I mind,
when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

lly of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
fight and be damn'd, and make Matches & treat,
and News-mongers, and Coffee-House that,
a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,
e, and a thousand times happier than he.

or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat,
wear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that;
in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
the Profession that never will alter.

A S O N G.



RAnging the Plain one Summers night,
 To pass a vacant hour,
 I fortunately chanc'd to light,
 On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r,
 The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms,
 In expectation sate,
 To meet those Joys in *Strepson's* Arms,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.

her Hand she lean'd her Head,
 break did gently rise;
 Every Lover might have read,
 Wishes in her Eyes:
 Breath that mov'd the Trees,
 Suddenly would start;
 On all her Body seiz'd,
 trembling on her Heart.

that knew how well she Lov'd,
 and his hour had stay'd;
 with Fear and Anger mov'd,
 melancholly Maid:
 As, she said, how oft he swore,
 would be here by One;
 w alas! 'tis Six and more,
 yet he is not come.

On *MARRIAGE.*





HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
 And be by the Nose by Woman led,
 Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;
 For, that lew'd Instrument, a Wife,
 If that she be enclin'd to strife,
 Will find a Man shrill Musick all his life,
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's vext,
 Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
 He's sure to have enough of what comes next
 And by our Grammar Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much belyed,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Verrue's tri
 And this convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry mood begins,
 The Husband never wants a sight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Pennance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast
 And when's Confession he is framing,
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to do but say Amen.
He has nothing, &c.

A SONG.



A Curse on all Cares,
 And popular Fears,
 Come let's to the Bell,
 For their Wine there drinks well;
 There take of our Glafs,
 Nay it shall not one pass:
we will be dull, and heavy no more,
the Wine does increase, and there's Claret good store.

Come fill up your Wine,
 Look, fill it like mine,
 Here Boys, I begin,
 A good Health to the King;
 Jack, see it go round,
 Whilst with Mirth we abound:
we will be dull, and heavy no more,
the Wine does increase, and there's Claret good store.
 Nay

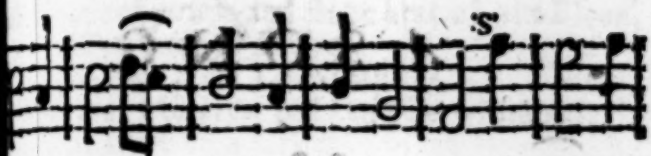
Nay, don't us deceive,
 Why this will you leave?
 The Glas is not big,
 What-a-pox, you're no Whig;
 Come drink up the rest,
 Or be merry at least:

Cho. For we will be dull, and heavy no more,
 Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret



A S O N G.





Give me Jenny, for I tell you true,
 These Sighs, these Sobs, these tears, are all for you;
 A mistrustful of my Passion prove,
 Every Action thus proclaims my Love?
 Not enough, you cruel Fair,
 To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?
 Spare that ridged Sentence spare;
 Nor say that I first caus'd you to Disdain.

These silly Stories won't suffice,
 Takes me better in your lovely Eyes;
 Dissimulation, baser Art,
 The busie Passion of your Heart:
 Let the Candor of your Mind,
 Now with your Beauty equal prove;
 Which I believe ne'er yet design'd,
 The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A

Give

When Nature expires,
 And Beauty invades,

Let us follow, let us follow, our own appetites

A S O N G.



A Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and prece
 Who past the Delight,
 We enjoy each Night,
 Give Counsel, instruct us, to be counted more
 When Nature excites,
 And Beauty invites,
 Let us follow, let us follow, our own appetites

With vigour of youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,
 The force of Desires,
 Which kind Love inspires,
 So powerful Motives, and can't be withstood:
 If Love be a Crime,
 We're yet in our Prime;
 Never grow wise, and repent e'er our time.

We'll boldly go on, whilst we're lusty and strong,
 Whilst fit for the Task,
 Of a Vizard Mask,
 We'll be as happy as still we are young:
 Whilst the impotent Sor,
 Rails, curses his Lot,
 And past his Pleasures, would have 'em forgot.

A SONG.





YE happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind
 Teach me the Art of Love:
 That I the like success may find,
 My Shepherdess to move:
 Long have I strove to win her Heart,
 But yet alas! in vain;
 For she still acts one cruel part,
 Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure,
 Consumes my Life away;
 Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
 Languishing night and day:
 Yet she regardless of my Grief,
 Looks on her dying Slave;
 And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
 To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?
 I'm punish'd so severe;
 Tell me, that I may expiate;
 With a repenting Tear:
 But if you have resolv'd, that I,
 No mercy shall obtain;
 Let her persist in Tyranny,
 And cure by Death my Pain.

A SONG.



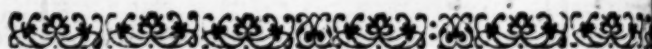
K 3

My

MY Life and my Death, are both in your power
 I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour
 Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,
 But alas! that's too kind for me ever to prove:

Could you guess with what pain my poor Heart
 I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous I do hourly rove,
 Thus sighing and musing 'tis all for my Love;
 No place can I find that does yield me Relief,
 My soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:
 But when my kind Stars let me see him, (oh then)
 I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.



A SONG.



PILLS to Purge Melancholy.



My in all her youthful Dress,
 My Love so gay did once appear;
 King of Charms dwelt on her Face,
 And Roses did inhabit there:
 While th' Enjoyment was but young,
 A night new Pleasures did create;
 Ambitious words dropp'd from her Tongue,
 Cupid on her Fore-head fate.

the Sun to West declines,
 The Eastern Sky does colder grow;
 Its blushing Looks resigns,
 The pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
 Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
 Close then was kind and gay;
 When by time I lost the Charm,
 Smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

A SONG.





KEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
 For *Strephon's* now no more;
 Tresses spread before the Wind,
 And leave the hated Shore:
 Run upon the craggy Rocks,
 And Goddess stripp'd appears;
 Beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
 And swell the Sea with Tears.

God of Love that fatal hour,
 When this poor Youth was born;
 Worn by *Styx* to show his Power,
 And kill a Man e'er Morn:
Strephon's Breast he aim'd his Dart.
 I watch'd him as he came;
 He smil'd, and shot him thro' the Heart,
 My Blood shall quench my Flame.

Alas! his Lap he laid his Head;
 Looking in her Eyes;
 He said, Remember when I am Dead,
 I deserv'd the Prize:
 Down his Tears like Rivers ran,
 He sigh'd, you Love, 'tis true;
 I love perhaps a better Man,
 Alas! he Loves not you.



A SONG.



Mother, Roger with his Kisser
Almost stops my Breath, I vow;
Does he gripe my Hand to pieces,
Yet he says he Loves me too?

Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Say now do, pray now do!
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Say now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so?
I never stir I long to know.

There, the naughty Man beside it,
Something in my Mouth he put;
Like him Beast, and try'd to Bite it,
For my Life I cannot do't:
Mother, pray now do, &c.

He lies in his Lap whole Hours,
And I feel I know not what;
Saying I never felt in yours,
Tell me Mother, what is that?
Tell me Mother what is that?
I never stir I long to know.



A SONG.



Your Gamester, provok'd by his Loss may for
 And rayl against Play, yet can never forbe
 Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won
 In Passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

who have often declaim'd the fond Pain,
 Of fatal Wounds, which Love gets by disdain;
 And by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
 To lose my poor Heart to those Dangers agen.

I live on the hopes of my Love,
 Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;
 The lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
 Without all your Forces in Arms to destroy me.

Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this cast,
 To make me a sayer for all my Life past;
 Lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,
 To shut my eye up then, and tempt you no more.

A S O N G.



How

HOW lovely's a Woman before, she's Enjoy
When the spirits are strong, & the Fancy not
We admire every Part, tho' never so plain,
Which when thoroughly possess'd, we quickly dis

So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,
For when we are at it, we foolishly prate;
What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit
But next Morning's Pains, our Pleasure do quit

But Music's a Pleasure, that tires not so soon,
'Tis Pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcome at Noon
'Tis Charming at Night, to sing Catches in Part
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Heart

But Music alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;
Therefore by consent, we'll enjoy them all three
Wine and Music for you, and the Woman for me

SONG



A SONG.



PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

207



Best Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without dissembling Art;
In ev'ry tender Feature,
Is only in a Heart:
The Beauties of the Morning,
Are no fullen Clouds appear;
There are less adorning,
Than below, when *Celia's* there.

Tuneful Breast confesses,
And by you improve their Power;
Tongue in soft Addresses,
Humbly tells us his Amour:

Such

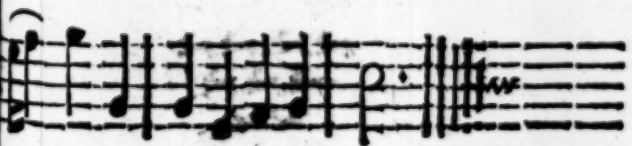
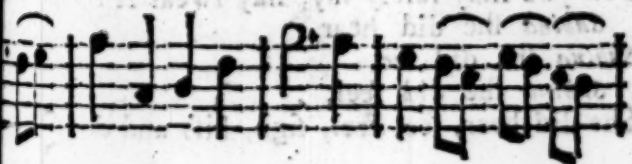
Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
 Faithful *Strepson* ne'er denies;
 Such a Treasure in possessing,
 All the Bills of Love supplies.

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,
 Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue;
 Ever finding a Denyal,
 Where my softest Love was true:
 But my Heart knows no retreating,
 No decay can ease my Pain;
 Love allows of no defeating,
 Tho' the Prize is fought in vain.

For if e're my *Calia's* Treasure,
 Must her Virgin sweets resign;
 Love shall flow with equal Measure,
 And I'll boldly call her mine:
 'Till her Panting Wedding Lover,
 Grown uneasy by my Claim;
 Leaves me freely to discover
 Golden Coasts without a Name.



A SONG.



Sabina in the dead of Night,
 In restless Slumbers wishing lay,
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
 To loose Desires did lead the way:
 I step'd to her Bed-side with bended Knee,
 And sure *Sabina* saw,
 And sure *Sabina* saw,
 And sure *Sabina* saw,
 I'm sure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
 Which did her whiter Body keep;
 But still the nearer I was drawn,
 Methought the faster she did sleep;
 I call'd *Sabina* softly in her Ear,
 And sure *Sabina* heard, but would not hear.

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all
 Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy),
 Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
 To search for hidden Treasury:
 So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heel,
 And sure *Sabina* felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
 And she without a Blush receives;
 As by dissembling most are coy,
 She by Dissembling freely gives:
 For you may safely say, nay swear it too,
Sabina she did hear,
Sabina she did see,
Sabina she did feel,
 She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss and do.



A SONG.



Y is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd!
Keep it by the same!
Or shall my Passion last,
Will make me once possess,
That I dare not name.

arming are your Wit and Face,
Alone to hear and gaze,
Will suffice my Flame;
Infancy on Hopes may live,
To mine full grown must give,
That I dare not name.

When

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
 Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
 Fanning my raging Flame;
 That Shape so made to be imbrac't,
 What would I give I might but taste,
 Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wish to rise,
 Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
 And that vain Breath call'd Fame;
 By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
 'Tis something more I would obtain,
 'Tis that I dare not name.

A SONG.





A Breeze from the *Lavinian* Sea,
 Was gliding o'er the Coast of *Sicily*;
 She lay with soft Repose, a prostrate Maid,
 Her bended Arm had rais'd her Head:
 She was all tranquil and smooth with Rest,
 In the harmonious Slumbers of the Blest.
 She lay up in Silence, innocent she lay,
 She kiss'd the Flow'rs with Touch as soft as they.

Thoughts in gentle Sounds she did impart,
 And by all the Graces of that Art;
 As I sung, I grasp'd her yielding Thighs,
 Her broken Accents falter'd into Sighs:
 And wish'd, and forg'd all her store,
 Following in the Pleasure, I was poor;
 And Relief my Agonies could ease,
 And curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The

The trembling Nymph all o'er Confusion lay,
 Her melting Looks in sweet Disorder play;
 Her Colour varys, and her Breath's oppress'd,
 And all her Faculties are dispossest'd,
 At last impetuously her Pulses move,
 She gives a mighty Loose to stifled Love;
 Then murmurs in a soft Complaint, and cries,
 Alas! and thus in soft Convulsions dies.

A SONG.

When Money has done whate'er it can,
 And round about run to pleasure a Man
 Whose Life's but a Span;
 With worldly Joys, and the glittering Toys,
 Which do make such a Noise;
 As confound all Advice that's given by the Wise
 And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miseries,
 And there to leave him.

Then the World which before,
 For his store did adore him,
 Strait seems afraid of one decay'd,
 And him upbraid of the Wealth,
 Which each by's Trade did before deceive him
 But when the Mortal sees his own undoing,
 Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a g

Then he sighs and moans,
 And then he pines and groans;
 At last he Craves, his Friends deny,
 At which he raves, and swears he'll die;
 And thus he cries,
 He ne'er was wise,
 Until in Misery he dies;
 And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,
 Fare him well for evermore, Amen.

oly.

lay,
y
fs'd

A SONG.

rics,

SSO

an,
Ma

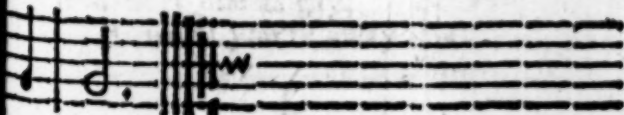
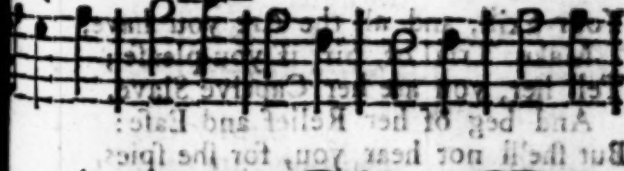
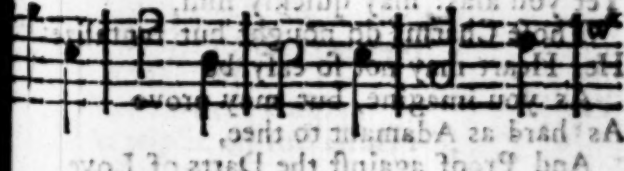
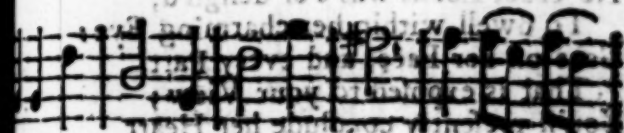
oys,

W
rics,

d,

e hi

a go



Pretty *Armida* will be kind,
 When at her Feet you prostrate lie ;
 No cruel Looks was e'er design'd,
 To dwell within her charming Eye :
 Gaze on her Face, and every Part,
 That is expos'd to your View ;
 You'll presently conclude her Heart
 To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill,
 You may not think that without Pain,
 And some Attendance on her Will,
 So rich a Prize you shall obtain :
 Wooers like Angling-men, must wait,
 Womens Time, and give them play,
 'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
 Before she will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida's* Looks be kind,
 And you read Yielding in her Eyes ;
 Yet you alas ! may quickly find,
 Those Charms do nought but tantalize :
 Her Heart may not so easy be
 As you imagine, but may prove
 As hard as Adamant to thee,
 And Proof against the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
 Make Trial of, Sir, if you please ;
 Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,
 And beg of her Relief and Ease :
 But she'll not hear you, for she spies,
 That underneath your gilded Bait,
 A crafty Hook inclosed lies,
 So from your Angle she'll retreat.

A SONG.



Come Sweet Lads,
 This bonny Weather,
 Let's together:
 Come Sweet Lads,
 Let's trip it on the Grass:
 Ev'ry where,
 Poor *Jockey* seeks his Dear,
 And unless you appear,
 He sees no Beauty here.

On our Green,
 The Loons are Sporting,
 Piping Courting;
 On our Green,
 The Blissest Lads are seen:
 There all day,
 Our Lasses Dance and play,
 And ev'ry one is gay,
 But I, when you're away.

A SONG.



the Lads whom dear I lov'd,
sighing and complaining,
the shunn'd and disapprov'd,
her entertaining:
and, her Lip, to him were free,
favour she refus'd him;
how unkind she was to me,
the so kindly us'd him!

and her milk-white Bubby press'd;
his worth Kings desiring;
thousand times he kiss'd her Breast,
snowy Mounts admiring;
pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
to such Passion mov'd him;
he kiss'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
how she well approv'd him.

ling Sight my Soul inflam'd,
swell'd my Heart with Passion;
like my Love could not be tam'd,
and Consideration:
my Breast, and tore my Hair,
my hard Fate complaining;
drag'd me into deep Despair,
of her Disdaining.

and *Moggy*: then I cry'd,
not my Sorrows move you
my Love must be deny'd,
give me leave to love you:
a frown on, and still be coy,
constant Swain despising;
but just you should destroy,
is not worth your Prizing.

A SONG.



Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,
 Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
 The Name was Buxome Joan,
 The Name was Buxome Joan:
 Now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,
 To gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
 To lie a Nights alone,
 To lie a Nights alone.

Soldier swore like Thunder,
 He'd her more than Plunder;
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
 Which he had brought from far, Sir,
 Fighting for her sake:
 The Taylor thought to please her,
 Offering her his Measure;
 The Tinker too with Mettle,
 That he wou'd mend her Kettle,
 To stop up ev'ry Leak.

While these three were prating,
 The Sailor sily waiting;
 He thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they shou'd all fall out, Sir,
 When might play his part;
 But e'en as he meant, Sir,
 The biggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 And won this fair Maids Heart.



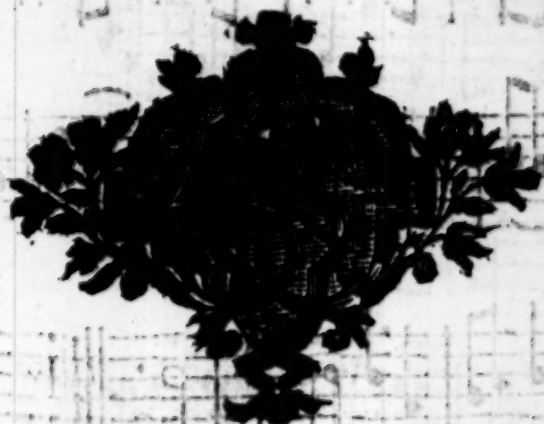
A S O N G.



MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man;
the Spur is for the Jade,
the Scabbard for the Blade,
for digging is the Spade,
for Liquor is the Can,
Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
and the Woman made for Man.

the Scepter's to be sway'd,
for Night's the Serenade,
for Pudding is the Pan,
to cool us is the Fan,
Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
and the Woman made for Man.

the Widow, Wife or Maid,
the wanton, be she stay'd,
the well, or ill array'd,
more, Bawd, or Harridan,
Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
and the Woman made for Man.

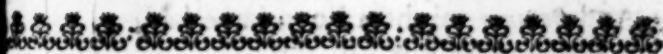


A S O N G.



Take not a Woman's Anger ill,
But let this be your comfort still,
If one won't another will:
She that's foolish does Deny,
The that is Wiser will comply,
If 'tis but a Woman what care I,
What care I, what care I,
But a Woman what care I.

Who'd be Damn'd, to swear untrue,
Sigh, and Weep, and Whine, and Wooe,
Our simple Coxcombs do;
Women love it, and tho' this,
Fully forbid the Bliss,
But the next you cannot miss.



A SONG.



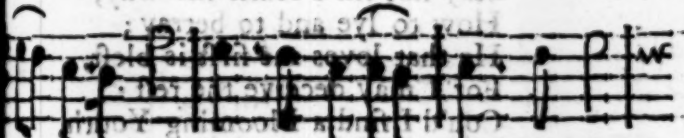
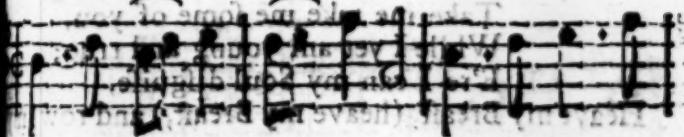


Sawney is a Bonny, Bonny Lad,
 But Sawney Kenns it well;
 And Sawney might a Boon have had,
 But Sawney loves to tell;
 He Weens that I mun love him soon,
 Gin Lovers now are rare;
 But I'de as lif have none,
 As one whom twanty, twanty share.

When anent your love you come,
 Ah! Sawney, were you true;
 What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
 I ne'er could gang from you;
 Yet still my Tongue do what I can,
 With muckle woe denies;
 Wa's me when once we like a Man,
 It boots not to be wise.



A SONG.



Young I am and unskill'd,
 How to make a Lover yield;
 How to keep or how to gain,
 When to Love and when to Feign;
 Take me take me some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 E're I can my Soul disguise,
 Heave my Breast, (heave my Breast,) and rowl my

Stay not till I learn the way,
 How to lye and to berray;
 He that loves me first is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest:
 Cou'd I find a Blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth;
 Brisk and of a Jantee Meen,
 I shou'd long, (I shou'd long) to be Fifteen.

A SONG.





(Pish must be only utter'd, not sung.)

FAirest Jenny! thou mun love me,
 Troth, my bonny Lad, I do :
 Gin thou say'st, thou dost approve me,
 Dearest thou mun kiss me too :
 Take a kiss or twa, or twa gude Jocky,
 But I dare give nean I trow :
 Eye ! nay ! Pish be not unlucky !
 VVed me first, and aw will do.

For aw Fife and Lands about it,
 Ize not yield thus to be bound ;
 Nor I Lig by thee without it,
 For twa Hundred Thousand Pound :
 Thou wilt die if I forsake thee,
 Better die, than be undone ;
 Gin 'tis so, come on, Ize tauk thee,
 'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

A SONG.



My Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
 Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have no pow'r,
 My Joy, my dear *Peggy* is gone,
 Wedded quite from me, will love no more:
 And Friends that do ken my Grief,
 Th' Song and Story a Cure would find;
 As! they bring no Relief,
 My still runs in my Mind.

I visit the Park or Blay,
 I aw without *Peggy* a Desert seem;
 Before my Eyes aw the Day,
 I aw the long Night too she haunts my Dream:
 Times fancying a Heav'n of Charms,
 Awake, and robb'd of my dear Delight,
 She ligs in another's Arms,
 Then 'tis she kills me outright.

A SONG.

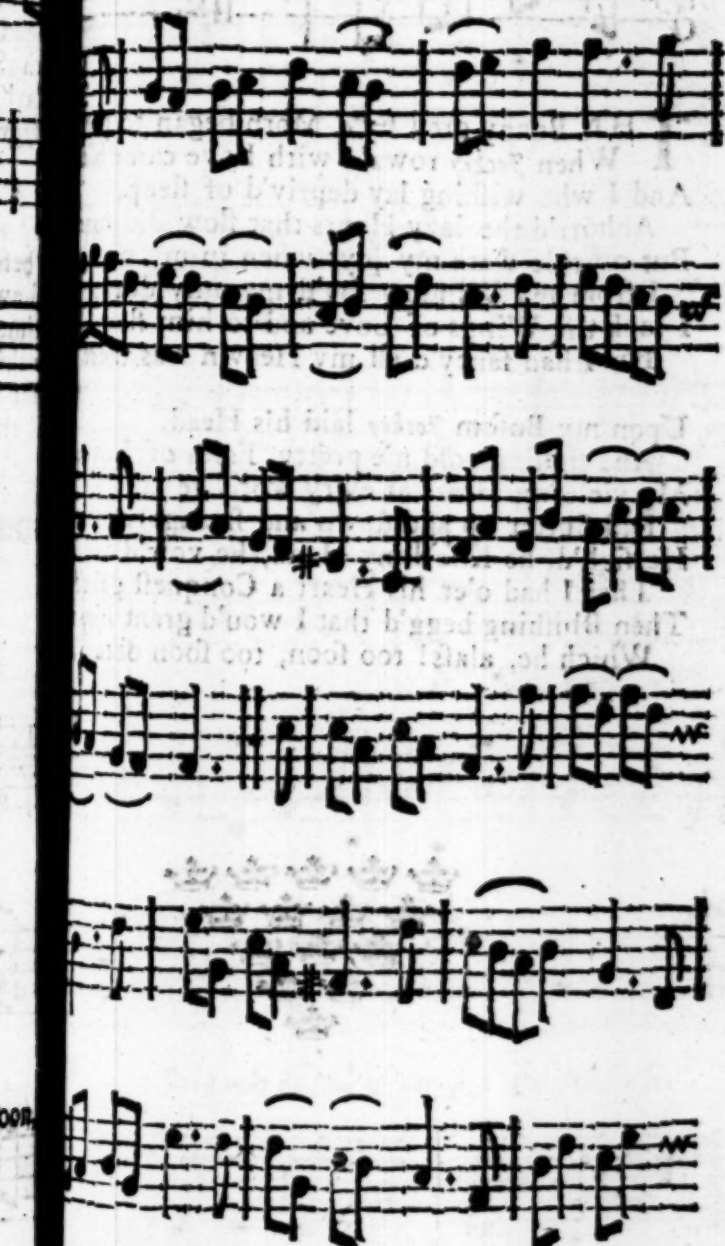




WH Y does *Willy* shun his dear?
 Why is he never here,
 My tender Heart to Chear?
 Why, why does *Willy* shun his Dear,
 And leave his own poor *Jenny* Weeping?
 Shall I never see him more,
 But live in Mickle Care,
 In Sorrow and Despair,
 Shall I never, never see him more,
 But in my Dream when I am Sleeping?

Once he ne'er could gang away,
 But here the Lad wou'd stay;
 Still Bonny, Blythe and gay,
 Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,
 But all the Day he wou'd be Sueing:
 But when he had got a Boon,
 Oh! then the Naughty Loon,
 In Mickle haste was gone;
 But when he, when he had got a Boon,
 There was an end of *Willy's* Wooing.

A SONG.





THE Bonny grey Ey'd Morn began to pe
 When Jockey rowz'd with Love came bl
 And I who wishing lay depriv'd of sleep,
 Abhor'd the lazy Hours that slow did run
 But muckle were my joys when in my view
 I from my Window spy'd my only dear;
 I took the Wings of Love and to him flew,
 For I had fancy'd all my Heav'n was there

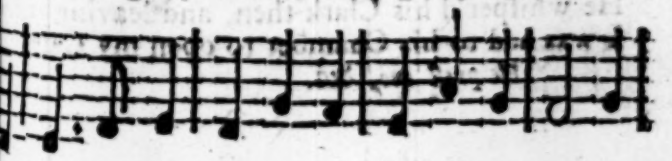
Upon my Bosom Jockey laid his Head,
 And sighing told me pretty Tales of Love
 My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he said,
 Did flutter up and down and strangely mov
 He sigh'd, he Kiss'd my Hand, he vow'd and
 That I had o'er his Heart a Conquest gain
 Then Blushing begg'd that I wou'd grant him
 Which he, alas! too soon, too soon obtain



A S O N G.



to be Sung only at end of the first and last Verse.





THE Sun was just Setting, the Reaping was
And over the Common I tript it alone;
Then whom should I meet, but young Dick of our
Who swore e'er I went I shou'd have a Green-g

*He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I Tumbld,
He Kist'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kist'd on,*

Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd dunt.

These 4 lines are only Sung at the end of the 1. and la

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rumpl'd.
Worse Tumbld, and Jumbld,
Where ever, where ever I go.

Before an old Justice I Summon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee
You now shall relate the whole Business, quoth
He prest me, &c.

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his look
Seem'd to Wish I would Kist him instead of the
He whisper'd his Clark then, and leaving the p
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case.
He prest me, &c.

to our Parson to make my Complaint,
 'd like a *Bacchus*, but Preach'd like a Saint;
 we shou'd soberly Nature refresh,
 Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Flesh.

He prest me, I stumbl'd,

He Push'd me, I Tumbld,

He Kiss'd me, I grumbl'd,

But still he Kiss'd on,

and went from me as soon as he'd done.

He not hamper'd for serving me so,

May I be worse Rumpl'd,

Worse Tumbld, and Jumbld,

Where ever, where ever I go.

A SONG, on Bartholomew Fair.





Bonny Lads and Damsels,
 Your welcome to our Booth;
 We're now come here on purpose,
 Your fancies for to sooth:
 No heavy *Dutch* Performers,
 Amongst us you shall find;
 We'll make your Lads good humour'd,
 And Lasses very kind:
 Your Damsons, and Filberds,
 You're welcome here to Crack;
 But a Glass of merry Sack, Boys,
 Is a Cordial for the Back.

You may Range about the Fair,
 New Tricks and Sights to see;
 And when your Legs are weary,
 Pray come again to me:
 There's Thread-bear *Holopernes*,
 Whom *Judith* long hath Slain;
 With *Guy of Warwick*, *St. George*,
 And *Rosalind's* fair Dame:
 You'll find some pretty Puppets too,
 With many a Nickey-Nack;
 But a Glass of Jolly Sack, Boys,
 Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houses being low too,
 Some Players hither come;
 But if my Stats deceive me not,
 They soon will know their doom:
 There's other pretty Strowlers,
 That crowd upon us here;
 That may have Booths to let too,
 Before their time I fear.

These may Prate, and Talk much,
Show Tricks, and Bounce, and Crack;
Here's a *Glass of Sack, Boys,*
That's a *Cordial for the Back.*

He sit down then brisk Lads all,
A Bumper to the King;
England let's remember,
(May Peace, and Plenty spring.)
War no more perplex you,
Your Taxes soon will end;
Souldiers all Disbanded,
And each Man love his Friend:
Merry then Carouse Boys,
See Drawer what 'tis they lack;
Fetch a *Bottle neat Boy,*
That's *Cordial for the Back.*

SONG on Bacchus.





Since there's so small difference 'twixt drown
 We'll tipple and Pray too, like Mariners
 Whilst they drink Salt-water, we'll Pledge 'em in
 And pay our Devotion at Bacchus's Shrine:

*Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us.*

From censuring the State, and what passes above
 From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-suits and
 From meddling with Swords and such dangerous
 And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings:

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

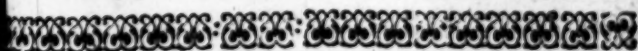
From Riding a Jade that will start at a Feaphe
 Or ending a Journey with loss of much Leather
 From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
 With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

Usurer's gripe, and from every Man,
boldly pretends to do more than he can;
the Scolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,
andering over wild *Irish Boggs*.
Bacchus, &c.

Hunger and Thirst, Empty Bottles and Glasses,
those whose Religion consists in Grimaces;
er being cheated by Female decoys,
amouring old Men, and reasoning with Boys:
Bacchus, &c.

those little troublesome Insects and Flyes,
think themselves Pretty, or Witty, or Wise;
arrying a Quartan for Mortification,
as a *Ratibon* Consultation.
Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
plentiful Store of good Burgundy send us.



A SONG.



L. H.

M



HOW long must Woman wish in vain,
 A constant Love to find ;
 No Art can Fickle Man retain,
 Or fix a Roving mind :
 Thus fondly we our selves deceive,
 And empty hopes pursue ;
 Tho' false to others we believe,
 They will to us prove true.

But oh! the Torments to discern,
 A perjur'd Lover gone ;
 And yet by sad experience learn
 That we must still Love on :
 How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
 VVho tread the Maze of Love ;
 VVhen most desirous to Retreat,
 VVe know not how to move.

A SONG.



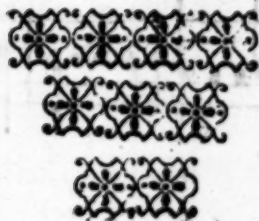
M 2

Oh

OH Fie! what mean I Foolish Maid,
In this Remote and Silent shade,
To meet with you alone ;
My Heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine,
And both are more your Friends than mine :
Oh! oh! oh! I shall, I shall be undone,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I wou'd not fear,
Or shou'd I meet with Villains here ;
I to some Cave wou'd run :
But such enchanting Art you show,
I cannot strive, I cannot go ;
Oh ! I shall be undone.

Ah! give your sweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more,
What must we yet Fool on ?
Ah! now I yield, ah ! now I fall,
Ah! now I have no Breath at all,
And now I'm quite undone.



A S O N G.



M 3

Tho'

THo' Jockey Su'd me long, he met disdain,
 His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in
 Give o'er said I give o'er,
 Your silly fond Amour,
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er comply;
 At last he forc'd a Kiss,
 Which I took not amiss,
 And since I've known the bliss,
 I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Lass that's Coy,
 Who hears your Love, yet seems to shun its Joy
 If you press her to do so,
 Ne'er mind her no, no, no,
 But trust her Eyes:
 For Coyne's gives denyal,
 When she wishes for the Tryal,
 Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh
 I'm sure she lies.



The Leather Bottle.





OW God above that made all things,
 Heaven and Earth and all therein;
 Ships upon the Seas to Swim;
 Deep Foes out they come not in:
 Every one doth what he can,
 For the use and praise of Man;
 I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
 That first devis'd the Leathern Bottle.

What do you say to the Canns of Wood?
 They are nought, they cannot be good;
 When a Man for Beer he doth therein send,
 Heave them fill'd as he doth intend:
 The bearer stumbleth by the way,
 On the Ground his Liquor doth lay;
 Then straight the Man begins to Ban,
 Swears it 'twas long of the wooden Cann:
 Had it been in a Leathern Bottle,
 Though he stumbled all had been well;
 For therein it would remain,
 Till the Man got up again:
 And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now for the Pots with handles three,
 Faith they shall have no praise of me;
 When a Man and his Wife do fall at strife,
 As many I fear have done in their Life:
 They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
 And break the same though they were loth;
 Which they shall answer another day,
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away:
 But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
 The one might have tugg'd, the other have held
 They both might have tugg'd till their Hearts did
 And yet no harm the Bottle would take:

*And I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
 That first devis'd the Leathern Bottle.*

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
 When a Noble-man he doth them send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend:
 The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,
 And never is seen again after that day;
 Oh, then his Lord begins to Ban,
 And Swears he hath lost both Flagon and Man:
 But it ne'er was known that Page, or Groom,
 But with a *Leathern Bottle* again would come;

And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine;
 When Friends are at a Table set,
 And by them several sorts of Meat:
 The one loves Flesh, the other Fish,
 Among them all remove a Dish;
 Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
 The Glass is broke, no Wine left in:
 Then be your Table-Cloth ne'er so fine,
 There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine;
 And doubtless for so small abuse,
 A young Man may his Service lose:

*And I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
 That first devis'd the Leathern Bottle.*

when this Bottle is grown old,
 that it will no longer hold;
 of the side you may cut a Clout,
 mend your Shoe when worn out:
 hang the other side on a Pin,
 will serve to put many odd trifles in;
 Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
 young beginners need such things.
I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first Invented the Leathern Bottle.



The Black JACK:

To the foregoing Tune:

IS a pitiful thing that now adays, Sirs,
 Our Poets turn *Leathern Bottle* praisers;
 if a *Leathern Theam* they did lack,
 might better have chosen the bonny *Black-Jack*:
 when they are both now well worn and decay'd,
 the *Jack*, than the *Bottle*, much more may be said;
I wish his Soul much good may partake,
at first devis'd the bonny Black Jack.

now I will begin to declare,
 the Conveniencies of the *Jack* are;
 when a gang of good Fellows do meet,
 at a Fair, or a Wake, you shall see't:
 resolve to have some merry Carouses,
 yet to get home in good time to their Houses;
 the *Bottle* it runs as slow as my Rhime,
Jack, they might have all been Drunk in good
I wish his Soul in Peace may dwell, (time:-
at first devis'd that speedy Vessel.

And therefore leave your twittle twattle,
 Praise the *Jack*, praise no more the *Leathern Bot*
 For the Man at the *Bottle*, may drink till he bu
 And yet not handsomely quench his thirst :
 The Master hereat maketh great moan,
 And doubts his *Bottle* has a spice of the Stone
 But if it had been a generous *Jack*,
 He might have had currently what he did lack
And I wish his Soul in Paradise,
That first found out that happy device.

Be your Liquor small, or thick as Mud,
 The cheating *Bottle* that cries good, good ;
 Then the Master again begins to storm,
 Because it said more than it could perform :
 But if it had been in an honest *Black Jack*,
 It would have prov'd better to fight, smell, and
And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest.
That added a Jack, to Bacchus his Feast.

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle, or Jugg,
 Is half so fit, or so well can hold tugg ;
 For when a Man and his Wife play at thwack
 There's nothing so good as a pair of *Black Jack*
 Thus to it they go, they Swear, and they Cur
 It makes them both better, the *Jack's* ne'er the
 For they might have bang'd both, till their he
 And yet no hurt the *Jacks* could take :
And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension,
That first produc'd that lucky Invention.

SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE,
 Suck'd no Wit from a *Leather Bottle*;
 For surely I think a Man as soon may,
 Find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay :
 But if the *Black Jack*, a Man often tofs over,
 'Twill make him as Drunk as any Philosopher
 When he that makes *Jacks* from a Peck, to a
 Conjures not, though he lives by the black An
And I wish his Soul, &c.

My good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,
 fram'd the Bottle, his Brains were but shallow;
 Case is so clear I nothing need mention,
 Jack is a nearer and deeper Invention;
 In the Bottle is cleaned, the Dregs fly about,
 the Guts and the Brains flew out;
 If in a Cannon-bore Jack it had been,
 from the top to the bottom all might have been clean,
 And I wish his Soul no Comfort may lack,
 That first devis'd the bouncing black Jack.

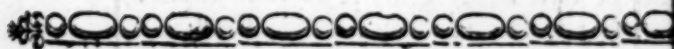
The Leather Bottle is us'd by no Man,
 'tis a Hairs Breadth above a Plow-man;
 let us gang to the Hercules Pillars,
 there visit those gallant Jack swillers;
 these small, strong, sour, mild, stale,
 drink Orange, Lemon, and Lambeth Ale:
 Chief of Heralds there allows,
 Jack to be of an ancients House.
 And may his Successors never want Sack,
 That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.

For the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
 without a Tunnel, but that you must spill it;
 as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
 not so with a Jack, for it runs like a Spout:
 burn your Bottle, what good is in it,
 cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it,
 if it had been in a jolly black Jack,
 would come a great pace, and hold you good Tack.
 And I wish his Soul, &c.

That's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a Spark,
 were just ready cockt to shoot at a Mark;
 when the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
 makes a Man look with a great Bottle Nose;
 wise Men conclude, that a Jack New or Old,
 beginning to leak, is however worth Gold;
 when the poor Man on the way does trudge it,
 worn-out Jack serves him well for a Budget;
 And I wish his Heirs may never lack Sack,
 That first contriv'd the Leather Black Jack.

When

When *Bottle* and *Jack* stand together, fie on't,
 The *Bottle* looks just like a Dwarf to a Giant;
 Then have we not reason the *Jack* for to chuse,
 For they can make Boots, when the *Bottle* mends
 For add but to every *Jack* a Foot,
 And every *Jack*, becomes a Boot:
 Then give me my *Jack*, there's a reason why,
 They have kept us wet, and they'll keep us dry:
 I now shall cease, but as I'm an honest Man,
 The *Jack* deserves to be called Sir *John*;
And may they ne'er want for Belly, nor Back,
That keep up the Trade of the bonny Black Jack.



A SONG.





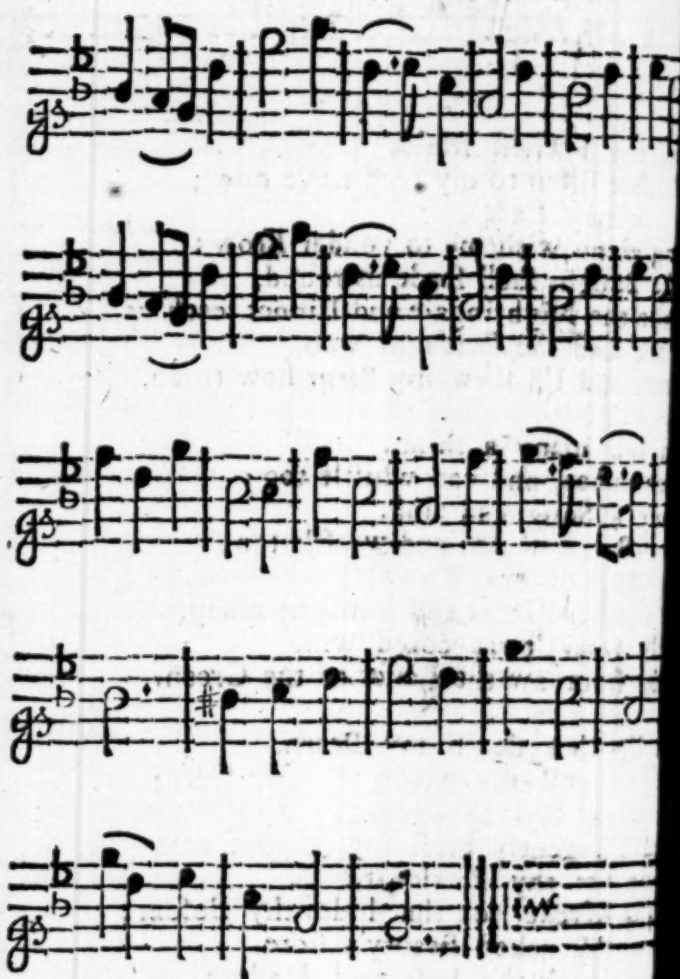
my blithest Maid,
 thee listen to my true Love now ;
 a canny Lad,
 along with me to yonder Brow :
 the Boughs shall shade us round,
 while the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
 the Lad the Lais may woo,
 me, and I'll shew my Jenny how to do.

a full many a thing,
 can dance, and can whistle too ;
 any a Song can sing,
 ch-Bar, and run and wrestle too :
 y Mog of our Town,
 me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
 ly Jenny 'twas could win,
 y from aw the Lasses of the Green.

lig thee down my Bearn,
 not spoil the gawdy shining Geer ;
 make a Bed of Fern,
 and I'll gently press my Jenny there :
 me lift thy Petticoat,
 thy Kercher too that hides thy Bosom ;
 ew thy naked Beauty's store,
 y alone's the Lais that I adore.



A SONG.



TELL me ye Gods,
 Why do you prove so cruel,
 So severe, to make me burn in Flames of Love
 Then throw me in Despair?
 Tell me what Pleasure do you find,
 To force tormenting Fate;
 To make my *Sylvia* first seem kind,
 Then vow perpetual hate?

gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,
 With her bewitching Eyes;
 With a Kiss she'd fan that Fire,
 Which from her Charms arise:
 With her diviner Looks she'd bless,
 And with her Smiles revive;
 When she was kind, who could express
 The Extasie of Life?

Now I read my fatal Doom,
 All Hopes now disappear;
 Eyes are converted to a Frown,
 And Vows neglected are:
 No more kind Looks she will impart,
 No longer will endure:
 The tender Passion of my Heart,
 Which none but she can cure.

O cruel, false, perfidious Maid!
 Are these Rewards of Love?
 When you have thus my Heart betray'd,
 Will you then faithless prove?
 To spy such an Angels Face
 Should so much perjur'd be;
 And blast each captivating Grace,
 By being false to me.

Turn, return, e'er 'tis too late,
 The God of Love appease;
 Let you too soon do meet your Fate,
 And fall a Sacrifice:
 Forgive not then a proffer'd Heart,
 But mighty Love obey;
 For Age will ruin all your Art,
 And Beauty will decay.

A SONG.



SIT thee down by me, mine own Joy,
 Thouz quite kill me, should'st thou prove
 Shouldst thou prove Coy, and not love me,
 Oh! where should I find out sike a yan as thee

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
 Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
 Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,
 Sike Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

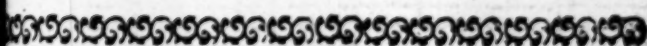
Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn,
 With silver Shoon thy Feet shall shoyn:
 With foyn't Flowers thy Crag Ize crown,
 Thy pink Petticoat fall be-laced down.

Weeze yearly gang to the Brook side,
 And Fishes catch as they do glide:
 Each Fish thyn Prisoner then shall be,
 Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.

mun we do when Scrip is fro?
gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
there weezy fry and eat the Fish;
thy Flesh makes the best Dish.

thy cherry Lips, and praise
the sweet Features of thy Face;
Forehead so smooth, and lofty both rise,
soft ruddy Cheeks, and pratty black Eyes.

by thee aw the cold Night,
want nothing for thy Delight:
have any thing if thouz have me,
sure Ize have something that shall please thee.



A SONG.





BONNY Lads gin thou wert mine,
 And twenty Thousand Pounds about thee
 I'd scorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green :
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee,
 I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
 To lay thee down on any Green,
 And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

BONNY Lad gin thou wert mine,
 And twenty Thousand Lords about thee ;
 I'd leave them aw to kifs thine Eyn,
 And gang with thee to any Green ;
 To shew me how my Daddy gat me,
 I'd leave them, &c.

A SONG.



me Jenny, tell me roundly,
 When you will your Heart surrender;
 and Troth I love thee soundly,
 as I that was the first Pretender.
 say nay, nor delay,
 't's my Heart, and here's my Hand too;
 't's mine shall be thine,
 and Goods at thy Command too.

How many Maids, quoth Jenny,
 'e you promis'd to be true to;
 I think the Devil's in you,
 't's a body so as you do!
 'd'ye? let me go,
 't's abide such foolish doing;
 't's gone you naughty Man,
 't's this your way of Wooing.

A SONG.



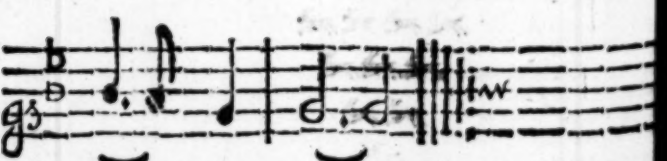
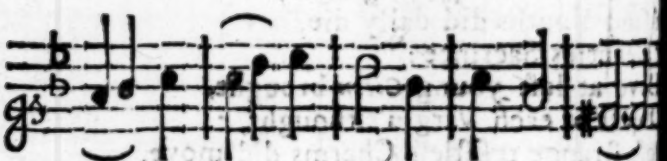
THE bright *Laurinda*, whose hard fate,
 It was to Love a Swain,
 cur'd, faithless, and ingrate,
 grew weary of her Pain :
 long, alas ! she vainly strove,
 to free her Captive Heart from Love ;
 urg'd too much by his Disdain,
 she broke at last the strong-link'd Chain,
 and vow'd she ne'er would love again.

lovely Nymph now free as Air,
 as the blooming Spring ;
 the soft Tale would lend an ear,
 and careless sit and Sing :
 a moving Story wrought,
 a frozen Breast to a kind thought ;
 she check'd her Heart, and cry'd, ah ! hold,
 for thus his Story told,
 she burn'd as much, but now he's Cold.

thus she kept her Liberty,
 and by her all-conquering Eyes,
 a thousand Youths did daily die,
 for Beauties Sacrifice :
 Love at last young *Cleom* brought,
 Object of each Virgin's thought,
 whose strange resistless Charms did move,
 they made her burn and rage with Love,
 and made her blest as those above.

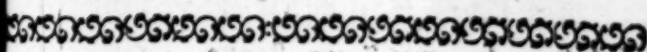


A SONG.



Jenny gin your Eyes do kill,
 You'll let me tell my pain ;
 Fair, I lov'd against my will,
 Had not break my Chain:
 He was call'd a bonny Lad,
 That fair Face of yours,
 Had the Freedom once I had,
 All my blither hours.

How wey's me, like Winter looks,
 Faded show'ring Eyn ;
 On the Banks of shaded Brooks,
 Is my wearied time :
 All the Streams that glideth on,
 Witness, if they see,
 The brink they glide along,
 True a Swain as I.



A S O N G.





I Often for my *Jenny* strove,
 Ey'd her, try'd her, yet can't prove,
 So lucky to find her Pity move,
 Ize have no Reward for Love:
 If you wou'd but think on me,
 And now forsake your Cruelty,
 Ize for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When first I saw thy lovely Charms,
 I kifs'd thee, wish'd thee in my Arms;
 I often vow'd, and did protest,
 'Tis *Jean* alone that I love best:
 Ize have gotten Twanty Pounds,
 My Father's House, and all his Grounds,
 And for ever shou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
 Joyn'd with none but only thee.

ere v
 He l
 from
 d for
 Begg
 go,
 Begg
 for
 other
 pair
 threw
 Begg
 for
 other f
 e Bor
 drink
 Begg
 III.

A SONG.



ere was a Jovial Beggar,
He had a wooden Leg;
from his Cradle,
forced for to beg;
Begging we will go,
go, we'll go,
Begging we will go.

for his Oatmeal,
ther for his Salt;
pair of Crutches,
threw that he can halt.
Begging, &c.

for his Wheat,
ther for his Rye;
the Bottle by his side,
drink when he's a dry.
Begging, &c.

III.

N

To

To Pimlico we'll go,
 Where we shall merry be;
 With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
 And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a Begging, &c.

And when we are dispos'd
 To tumble on the Grass,
 We've a long patch'd Coat,
 To hide a pretty Lash.
And a Begging, &c.

Seven Years I begg'd
 For my old Master *Wild*,
 He taught me to beg
 When I was but a Child.
And a Begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,
 And got him store of Pelf;
 But *Jove* now be praised,
 I now beg for my self.
And a Begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree
 I live and pay no Rent;
 Providence provides for me,
 And I am well content.
And a Begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
 A Beggar lives the best;
 For when he is a weary,
 He'll lie him down and rest.
And a Begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,
 I live in open Cell;
 Then who wou'd be a King,
 When the Beggars live so well;
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A SONG.

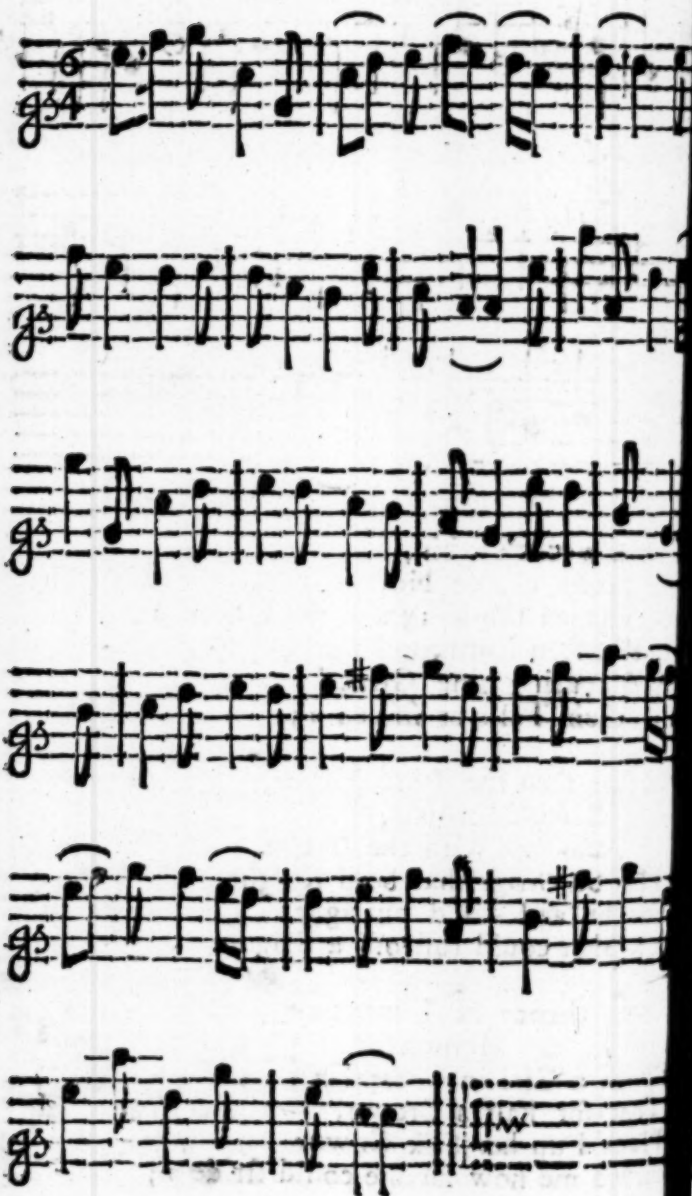


London che've bin,
 At London che've bin,
 che've seen the King and the Queen ♫;
 Che've seen Lords and Earls,
 And roaring fine Girls,
 up their Tails at fifteen ♫;

Che've seen the Lord-Mayor,
 And Bartoldom-Fair,
 there che met with the *Dragon*,
 That St. George that bold Knight,
 Fought and kill'd outright,
 st a Man could tofs off a Flagon.

From thence as I went
 To see th' Monument,
 with a Girl in Cheapside ♫;
 That for half a Crown,
 Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
 shew'd me how far she could stride ♫;

A SONG.



Tell me no more, no more, I am deceiv'd,
That *Chloe's* false, that *Chloe's* false and common;
Heav'n I all along believ'd,
She was, she was, a very, very Woman.
Such I lik'd, as such carest,
She still, she still was constant when possesst;
She cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd
No more for no Man.

Oh! but oh her Thoughts on others ran,
And that you think, and that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,
Why what care I, what care I one Farthing.
I say she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
Who, who has the better Bargain?

A SONG.





Then beauteous Nymph look from above,
 And see me here below: [Win
 See how that mighty Tyrant Love, drags me to
 Drags me to your Window:
 Let not your Heart then hardned be,
 Since you my Love have got;
 For I'm a Knight of high Degree,
 And dye upon the Spot.

To Morrow then let us be wed,
 At Hours Canonical;
 That I may say when I have sped,
 My Heart is free from Thrall:
 Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
 When I am in thy Arms;
 That thou may'st have the Liberty
 To rife all my Charms.

The Old and New Courtier.

With an Old Song made by an Old Ancient Pate,
Of an Old worshipful Gentleman who had a
[great Estate:

kept an Old House at a bountiful rate,
an Old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
like an Old Courtier of the Queens.

With an Old Lady whose Anger good Words asswages,
who every Quarter pays her Old Servants their Wages,
who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen
[and Pages:

kept twenty or thirty Old Fellows with blue Cloaths
like an Old Courtier, &c. [and Badges;

With a Study fill'd full of Learned Books, [his looks
With an Old Reverend Parson, you may judge him by
With an Old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old Hooks;
With an Old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen Old
like an Old Courtier, &c. [Cooks;

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pi
[and Bo

With old Swords and Bucklers, which hath born m
[shrew'd Ble

And an old Frysadoe Coat to cover his Worship's tr
[H

And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Ne
[H

Like an Old Courtier, &c.

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come,

To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Dru

And good Cheer enough to furnish every old Roo

And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a v
[Man dur

Like an Old Courtier, &c.

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer, and a Kenne

Which never hunted, nor hawked, but in his c
[Hou

Who like an old Wise-man kept himself within his c
[Groun

And when he died gave every Child a thousand
[Boun

Like an Old Soldier, &c.

But to his Eldest Son. his House and Land he assign
[M

Charging him in his Will to keep the same bound

To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours k
[Ma

But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear, how he
[encir

Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,

That keeps a brace of Creatures at's own Commas

And takes up a thousand Pound upon's own Bond,

And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither
[nor sta

Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a neat Lady that is fresh and fair
[or c

Whenever knew what belong'd to good House-keep

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton A

And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other Wom
[H

Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
 wherein is burned neither Coal nor Wood,
 And a new Shuffle-board-table where never Meat stood,
 being round with Pictures, which doth the poor little
 like a young Courtier, &c. [good ;

With a new Study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
 With a new Chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
 With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or
 [five Days,
 With a new French-Cook to makes Kicklhaws and Toys ;
 like a young Courtier, &c.

With a new Fashion when *Christmas* is come,
 With a Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
 I leave no body at home but our New Porter *John* ;
 who relieves the Poor with a thump on the Back with
 like a young Courtier, &c. [a Stone,

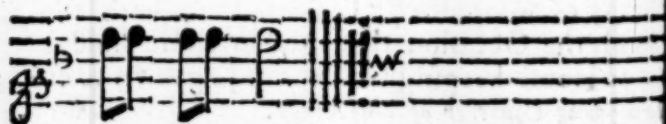
With a Gentleman-Usher whose Carriage is compleat,
 With a Foot-man, a Coachman, a Page to carry Meat,
 With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose dressing is very
 [neat,
 When the Master has din'd gives the Servants
 like a young Courtier, &c. [little Meat ;

With a new Honour bought with his Father's Old Gold,
 And many of his Father's Old Manours hath sold,
 This is the Occasion that most Men do hold,
 That good House-keeping is now a days grown so cold ;
 like a young Courtier of the Kings.



BACCHUS's Health:

To be Sung by all the Company together, with
revelions to be Observed.



First Man stands up with a Glass in's Hand and S

Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
 Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus, I--ho, I--ho, I--
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us,
 For he doth merry make us, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho.

*At this Star they all bow to each other,
and sit down.*

*† At this Dagger all the Company beckens
to the Drawer.*

me sit ye down together,

me sit ye down together,

me sit ye down together, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho;

† bring more Liquor hither,

bring more Liquor hither,

bring more Liquor hither, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho;

** At this Star the first Man drinks his*

*Glass, while all the other sing and
point at him.*

*† At this Dagger they all sit down, clap-
ping their next Man on the Shoulder.*

*goes into the * Cranium,*

goes into the Cranium,

goes into the Cranium, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho;

† thou'rt a boon Companion,

thou'rt a boon Companion,

thou'rt a boon Companion, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho;

Then the 2d Man takes his Glass, all the Company

Slugging Here's a Health, &c. so round.



A SONG to the foregoing Tune.

THere was a bonny Blade,
 Had marry'd a Country Maid,
 And safely conducted her home, home, home;
 She was neat in ev'ry part,
 And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
 But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
 And brisk as the May,
 And as round, and as plump as a Plumb, plumb, p
 But still the silly Swain,
 Could do nothing but complain,
 Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb, du

She could Brew and she could Bake,
 She could Sew and she could make,
 She could sweep the House with a Broom, Broom, B
 She could wash and she could wring,
 She could do any kind of thing,
 But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,
 For to give himself Content,
 And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum
 O! 'tis the easiest part
 That belongs unto my Art,
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb,

To the Dr. he did her bring,
 And he cut her chattering String,
 And at Liberty he set her Tongue, her Tongue

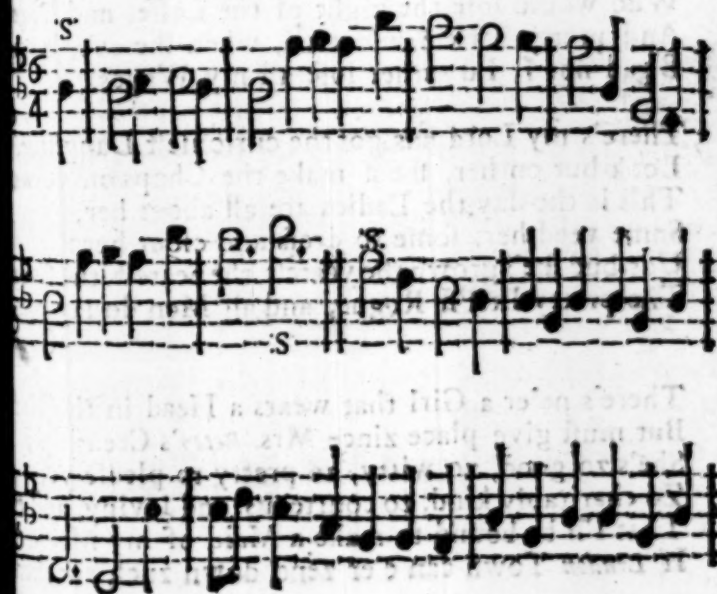
Her Tongue began to walk,
 And she began to talk,
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb

Her Faculty she tries,
 And she fill'd the House with Noise,
 And she rattl'd in his Ears like a drum, drum, d
 She bred a deal of Strife,
 Made him weary of his Life,
 He'd give any thing again she was dumb, dumb, d

To the Dr. then he goes.
 And thus he vents his Woes,
 Dr. You've me undone, undone, undone;
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 Give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake,
 To make thy Wife to speak,
 Was a thing easily done, done, done;
 But 'tis past the Art of Man,
 Let him do whate'er he can,
 To make a Scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue,
 (Tongue.

The West-Countryman's SONG on a Wedding.





OD S hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I
 Because I hear there's such bravedoing hard by
Thomas the Minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir
 And they talk there will be two or three more, S
 Who the Rat can mind either *Bayard* or *Ball*, Sir,
 Or any thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking

(Hall,

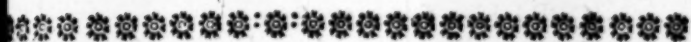
E'gad not I! Let Master fret it and storm it, I
 (refo

I'm sure there can be no harm in't;
 Who would lose the zight of the Lasses and Page
 And pretty little *Sue* so true, when she ever enga
 E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

There's my Lord has got the curiousfest Daughter,
 Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on ye wa
 This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
 Some veed her, some to dress and clout her:
 Uds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweet
 The pretty littl'st Rogue, and all Men do say the
 (cre

There's ne'er a Girl that wears a Head in the Nat
 But must give place zince Mrs. *Betty's* Creation;
 She's zo good, zo wirty, zo pretty to please ye,
 Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and e
 That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother
 If *London Town* can e'er zend down zuch another

at my Lady in all her Gallant Apparel,
 not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
 ere's zuch Drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
 will make a vool of Zack, or White wine, or Claret:
 d zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,
 y tippie off their Cups, until they lie down on their
 (Pillows;
 en hit off thy Vrock, and don't stand scratching thy
 (head zo,
 thither I'll go, Cods — because I have said-fo.



A S O N G.





Jockey was as brisk and blith a Lad,
 As ever did pretend to love a Maiden true;
 But I fear that I shall die a Maid,
 And never taste the Joys of Love as others do
 When the Wars alarms,
 Call'd him forth to Arms,
 And the Trumpets sound,
 Made the shores rebound.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
 Was too little to confine him here;
 And till he returns I never shall give over,
 Mourning for the absence of my dear:
 To Arms, to arms, he cry'd,
 To Love I strait reply'd,
 But in vain I strove,
 To perswade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend when Glory is a Rival,
 Or I wou'd have kept my Swain from harms;
 But he thought that he in Glory should survive
 When by Honour he was call'd to Arms:
 To Arms, to Arms he cry'd,
 To Love I straight reply'd,
 But in vain I strove,
 To perswade my Love.

All that ever I cou'd say to keep my Lover,
 Was too little to confine him here;
 And till he returns I never shall give over,
 Mourning for the absence of my dear.

A SONG.



YOU mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make,
 And for your brave Valour would pains undertake:
 Over for *Flanders*, and there you shall see,
 merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be:
 Sing Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys,
 Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys,
 ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys drink, Boys drink.

If

If you have been a Citizen broke by mischance,
 And wou'd by your Courage, your Credit advance
 Here's stuff to be won by ventring your Life,
 So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Wear Horns, wear
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Wear Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have spent all your me
 And still your minds runs upon Whores and Qu
 Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,
 From Leaguer to Leaguer, in spite of your Foe
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all, Wh
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Whores all.

As soon as you come to your Enemies Land,
 Where fat Goose and Capon, you have at comm
 Sing take them, or eat them, or let them alone,
 Sing go out and fetch them, or else you get non
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift, make
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Make shift.

Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,
 If that you can Flatter and Speak to their mind
 They will free you from Duty and all other tro
 Your Money being gone your Duty comes doub
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case, hard case
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Hard case.

And when you break an Arm, or a Leg,
 You shall have your Pals, thro' the Country to B
 Your Officer promises you some other pay,
 But the Souldier never gets it, no, not till Dooms
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Long time, long ti
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. Long time.

At last when you come to your Enemies Walls,
 Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman fall
 And when you have done the best that you can,
 Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Ma
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all, that's all
 Sing Tanta ra, ra, &c. That's all.

A S O N G.



Her

HER Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,
 Her Cheeks like Roses fair ;
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Like Silk her flowing Hair :
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,
 Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as sweet as Odours blown,
 By Zephyrus o'er the Vales ;
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
 Her Voice like Nightringale's.

Where e'er she Breaths, where e'er she sings,
 How happy are the Groves ;
 How blest ! how much more blest than Kings,
 The Shepherd's that she loves.

With gentle steps lets beat the ground,
 In Gladsome Couples joyn'd ;
 For Joy that your *Dorinda's* found,
 And ev'ry Lover kind.



A SONG.



Great Alexander's Horse,
 Bucephalus by Name;
 long has been enrolled
 within the Books of Fame:
 Sir Credulous Easy's Mare,
 far did him excel;
 ne'er run for the Plate
 at she bore away the Bell:
 With a Nighy, Wheeghy Teopoop a,
 Full Caper and Career;
 All England cannot shew you,
 Like another Mare.

And

And to Brentford she did come,
And an Ale-house she did find ;
She could not pass it by,
But she knew her Master's mind :
And as she called for a Pot,
She wou'd be, wou'd be sure of twain ;
Which made her such a Sott,
She ne'er could run again.
S. With a Nigby, &c.

Since last I saw her Face,
I heard report is spread,
With drinking in that Place,
This bonny Mare is dead :
And the last Words she did say,
As she came down the Hill ;
Was ah ! that Bowl had broke her Heart,
And so she made her Will :
S. With a Nigby, &c.

Her Fore-Hoof she bequeath'd
To some Religious Fool ;
Who after her untimely Death,
Begs Pardon for her Soul :
And her hinder Hoof with which,
She play'd full many a Trick ;
She gave to those curs'd Wives,
That 'gainst their Husbands kick :
S. With a Nigby, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
Her Master wept full sore ;
Because it was reported,
He ne'er shou'd see her more :
But that which Comforted him,
For his departed Friend ;
Was after all his great Loss,
She made so good an end :
S. With a Nigby, &c.

ly.

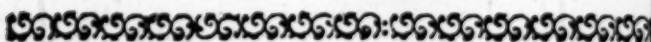
A SONG.



If

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it Torment
 If a bitter, oh tell me! whence comes my
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I come
 Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my

I press her hand gently, look languishing down
 And by Passionate silence, I make my Love know
 But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does
 By some willing mistake to discover her Love
 When in striving to hide, she returns all her
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare



A SONG.





COME if you dare, our Trumpets sound,
 Come if you dare, the Foes rebound;
 come, we come, we come, we come,
 the double, (double, double) Beat of the thundering
 Now they charge on amain, (Drum:
 Now they Rally again,
 Gods from above the Mad labour behold,
 pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

Fainting Saxons quit their Ground,
 Trumpets Languish in the sound;
 fly, they fly, they fly, they fly,
 Victoria the bold Britons cry:
 Now the Victory's won,
 To the Plunder we run,
 return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
 amphant with Spoils of the Vanquish'd Invaders.



A SONG.



A SONG.



MR Eglamore, that valiant Knight,

Fa la, lanky down dilly;

took up his Sword, and he went to fight,

Fa la, lanky down dilly:

As he rode o'er Hill and Dale,

Armed with a Coat of Male,

Fa la, la la la, lanky down dilly.

He leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,

He had slain God knows how many Men;

O 3

But

But when she saw Sir Eglamore,
Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the Trees began to shake,
Horse did Tremble, Man did quake;
The Birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
For now they fall to't, fight Dog, fight Bear;
And to't they go, and soundly fight,
A live-long day, from Morn till Night.

This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That cou'd the sharpest steel abide;
No Sword cou'd enter her with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
For as a Yawning she did fall,
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly,
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there she lay all Night and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword:
But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.



A SONG.





THE Danger is over, the Battle is past,
 The Nymph had her fears, but she ventur'd at last
 She try'd the Encounter, and when his was done;
 She smil'd at her Folly, and own she had won :
 By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd
 Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd;
 She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down,
 If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,
 All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;
 Who have lost precious time, and you who are foolish
 Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing
 Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind
 You'll find your selves happy, when once you are kind
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
 You'd feel the loss little, and much to be won.

A SONG.



Why and Georgy now beath are gean,
To see their lovely Flocks a feeding;
My and Meggy too follow'd them,
For fear they should be now a breeding:

Out of *London* Town they aw did trip it,
 Down to play at new bopeep at *Tunbridge* Well;
 But how they play'd, or what they said,
 The De'el his fell can only tell.

Moggy had *Bearns*, Four, Five, or Six,
 But *Jenny* was a young beginner;
 Sure to her Trading now she will fix,
 The *Kirk* has made her a young Sinner:
 To *London* Town they're gean,
 Each with a muckle Weam;
 And *Georgy* now to *Scotland* he mun run,
 Fae him weel, ene take him De'el,
 Poor *Jenny* now is quite undone.

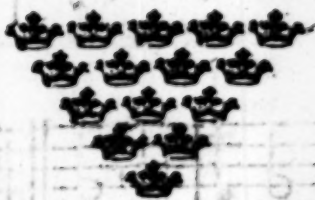


A S O N G.

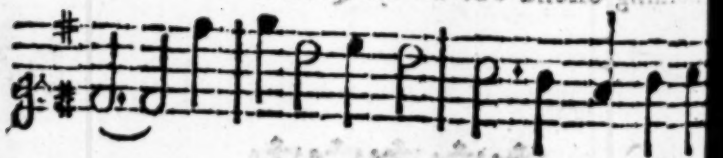
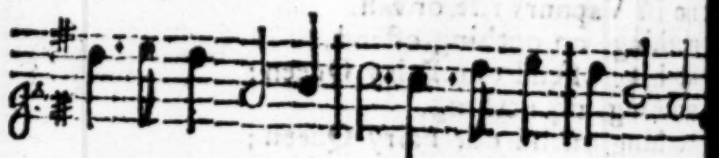




ING, sing whilst we trip it, trip, trip it,
 Trip, trip it, upon the Green;
 no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 nothing, no nothing offend,
 nothing offend our Fairy Queen:
 nothing, no nothing,
 nothing offend our Fairy Queen;
 nothing, no nothing, no nothing,
 nothing offend our Fairy Queen.



A S O N G.



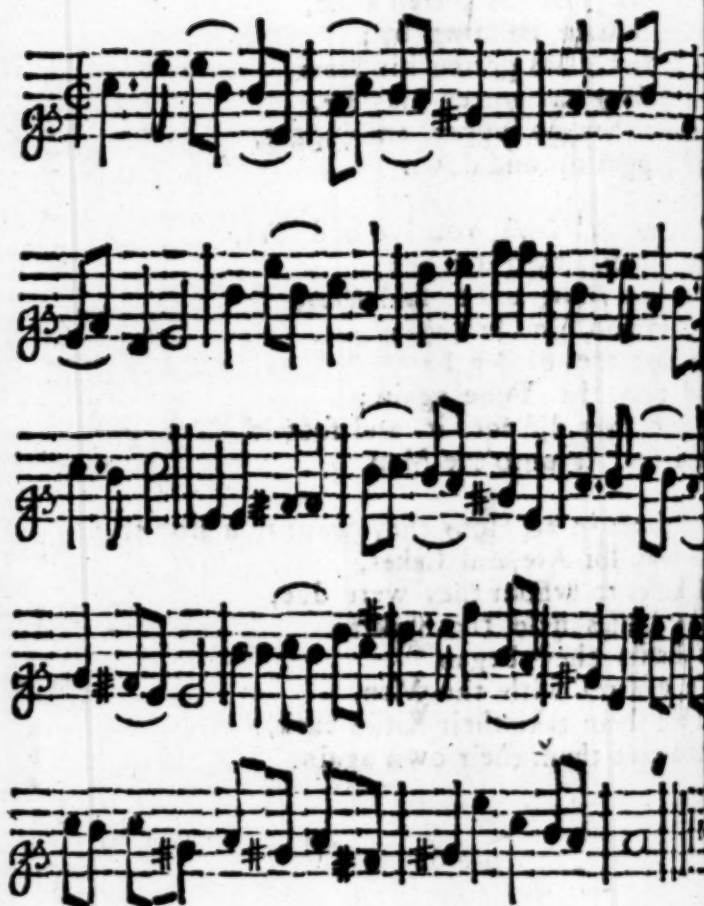
O U Lasses and Lads take leave of your Dads,
 And away to the Maypole hie,
 For every he has gotten a she,
 And a Fidler standing by;
 There is Jockey has gotten his Jenny,
 And Johnny has gotten his Jone,
 Where they do jugget, and jugget,
 And jugget up and down.

We out said Dick, you lye said Nick,
 The Fidler play'd it false;
 So said Natt, and so said Kate,
 And so said nimble Ealse:
 That the Fidler he
 Did play the Tune again;
 Then they did foot it, and foot it,
 And foot it unto the Men.

Three times in an Hour they went to a Bower,
 To play for Ale and Cakes,
 And kisses to whom they were due,
 The Lasses held the Stakes:
 The Lasses they began
 To quarrel with the Men,
 And bid them take their Kisses back,
 And give them their own again.



A SONG.



WHat ungrateful Devil moves you?
 Come, come my Friend the Truth declare
 You love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* loves you;
 Why, why then will you wed the Fair?
 Marriage joyning does discover,
 But Lovefreeing joyns for Life:
 Would you, would you, would you,
 Love the Nymph for ever?
 Never, never, never, never, never,
 Let her be your Wife.

A SONG.

Sett by Mr. Barin cloth.





ALL Hands up aloft,
 Swab the Coach fore and aft,
 For the Punch Clubbers strait will be fitting;
 For fear the Ship rowl
 Sling off a full Bowl,
 For our Honour let all things be fitting:
 In an Ocean of Punch
 We to Night will all sail,
 I'rh' Bowl we're in Sea Room
 Enough we ne'er fear;

Here

ere's to thee Mess-mate,
Thanks honest Tom
Tis a Health to the King,
Whilst the Larboard Man drinks,
Let the Star-board Man sing,
*With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.*

The Winds veering aft,
Then loose ev'ry Sail,
I'll bear all her Topsails a trip:
Leave the Logg from the Poop,
It blows a fresh Gale,
I'll a just Account on the Board keep:
She runs the eight Knots,
Eight Cups to my thinking,
That's a Cup for each Knot,
It be fill'd for our drinking;
ere's to thee Skipper,
Thanks honest John,
Tis a Health to the King,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill,
*With full double Cups
We'll liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.*

The Quartier must Cun,
Whilst the foremast-man steers;
ere's a Health to each Port where'er bound,
Who delays 'tis a Bumper,
I shall be drubb'd at the Geers;
The Depth of each Cup therefore sound:

To our noble Commander,
 To his Honour and Wealth,
 May he drown and be damnd,
 That refuses the Health :
 Here's to thee honest Harry,
 Thanks honest Will,
 Old true Penny still,
 Whilst the one is a drinking,
 The other shall fill.

*With full double Cups
 We'll liquor our Chaps,
 And then we'll turn out,
 With a Who up, Who, Who,
 But let's drink e'er we go,
 But let's drink e'er we go.*

VVhat News on the Deck ho?
 It blows a meer Storm ;
 She lies a try under her Mizzen,
 VVhy what tho' she does,
 VVill it do any Harm ?
 If a Bumper more does us all Reason :
 The Bowl must be fill'd Boys,
 In spite of the VVeather,
 Yea, yea huzza, let's howl altogether ;
 Here's to thee Peter,
 Thanks honest Joe,
 About let it go ;
 In the Bowl still a Calm is,
 VVhere'er the VVinds blow.

*With full double Cups
 We'll liquor our Chaps,
 And then we'll turn out,
 With a Who up, Who, Who,
 But let's drink e'er we go,
 But let's drink e'er we go.*

Scotch SONG. Set by Mr. Akeroyde.

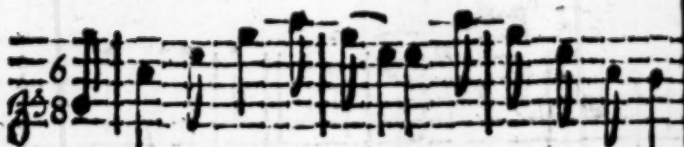


I went o'er yon misty Moor,
 'Twas on an Evening late, Sir,
 ere I met with a welfar'd Lass
 Was spanning of her Gate, Sir;
 took her by the lilly white Hand,
 and by the Twat I caught her,
 wear and vow, and tell you true,
 she piss'd in my Hand with Laughter.

the lilly poor VVench she lay so still,
 You'd swear she had been dead, Sir;
 I dect a word but aw she said, but ay,
 and bow'd her Head, Sir;
 and Sir, quoth she, you'll kill me here,
 but I'll forgive the Slaughter,
 you make such Motions with your A—se,
 You'll split my Sides with Laughter.

A SONG.

Sett by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



TO Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, 'tis pretty, it makes



Gay; to Kifs, to Kifs is pretty, is pretty, is prett



to frolick and play; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, 'tis folly to Kifs, 'tis folly; no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no; 'tis jolly, to Kifs, 'tis jolly



's consecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our solemn Meeting,
recreate those Female Hearts,
sometime since were weeping:
Lady's Pangs are now no more,
Grief is banish'd from her;
lusty Boy has made his way,
nothing now can wrong her.

Cho. By all the Gossips.

mighty Power of active Love,
how bravely hast thou wrought!
Something done, there's Something come,
while many toyl for nought.

a dish about the Mother's Health,
Lads shall soon come after;
shall the Father be forgot,
comes the next — a Daughter:
on brave Pair, obey Command,
multiply together;
May Strength increase,
And VVealth ne'er cease,
may you part for ever.

Cho. By all the Gossips.

mighty Power of active Love,
how bravely hast thou wrought!
Something done, there's Something come,
while many toyl for nought.

A SONG.



O Raree Show, O brave Show,
 O pretty Show, who see my fine a Show?
 O Raree Show, O Brave Show,
 Who see my pretty Show?

*Quand la Cigala Canta sa pasboun travailler,
 Fadoun estr' a l'ombretta a l'ombretta,
 Es bouu estr' l'ombretta Calignar.*

re's de *English* and *French* to each oder most civil,
like Hands and be friends, and hug like the Devil :
Raree Show, O brave Show, O pretty gallant a Show.

re be de *Savoyards* a trudging thro' *France*,
sweep ade *Shimney*, to sing and to dance.
Raree Show, &c.

re be de great *Turk*, and de great King of no Land,
Gallop'g bravely from *Hung'ry* to *Poland*.
Raree Show, &c.

re's de brave *English Beau* for de *Pacquet Boat* carries,
go make his Campaign vid his *Taylor* at *Paris*.
Raree Show, &c.

re be de honest *Captain* a cursing the Peace,
re's another disbanding his *Coach* and his *Miss*.
Raree Show, &c.

re be de *English Ships* bring Plenty and Riches,
here be de *French Cap* a mending his *Breeches*.
Raree Show, &c.

re be de *Jacks* set out *Lights* and dissemble,
here be de *Mob* make 'em squitter and tremble.
Raree Show, &c.

re be de *Sea Captain* a reeling on *Shore*,
re's one spend all his *Pay* and boarding a *Whore*.
Raree Show, &c.

re be de brave *Trainbands* a drinking *Carouses*,
here be de *Soldiers* a storming their *Spouses*.
Raree Show, brave Show, who see my fine Show.

A SONG in the Morose Reformer.



YOU Ladies who are young and gay,
 Since Time too swiftly flies away,
 Bestow your hours of leisure, bestow your hours of leisure
 On Courts, on Gardens, Springs, and Groves,
 On Conversation lawful Loves, [Pleasure]
 And ev'ry harmless Pleasure, ev'ry, ev'ry harmless
 Be you the finest Shows at Plays,
 Alluring Youth to love and gaze;
 But try no mad Conclusions:
 But ev'ry where and often shown,
 But Vision-like, be touch'd by none,
 Be only fair Delusions.

For Pleasure ramble round the Town,
 But give your Friends no cause to frown;
 From Honour never fall y:
 How they're condemn'd who were admir'd,
 In Courts had all their Hearts desire,
 For ev'ry Kiss a Tally.

*Second Part of St. George for England, by
the late John Grub, M. A. of Christ's Church
Oxon; to the same Tune, Pag. 117.*

THE Story of King *Arthur* it is very memorable,
The Number of his valiant Knights, and roundness
of his Table;

Knights around his Table in a Circle sate, d'ye see,
all altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry;
had a Sword both broad and sharp, yclip'd *Calliburn*,
could cut a Flint more easy, than Penknife cuts a Corn;
Case-Knife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a
Rock,

displit a Man at single slash, from noddle down to nock,
was the Cream of *Brecknock*, and the Flower of all
the *Welch*,

George he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a
laguy Squelsh;

St. George he was for fair England,

St. Dennis was for France,

Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

slain with *Tartarian* Bow the *Turkish* Squadrons slew,
fetcht the *Pagan* Crescent down, with half Moon
made of Yew;

trusty Bow proud *Turks* did gall, with show'rs of
arrows thick,

Bow-strings without throtling sent, Grand *Vizier*
Old *Nick*;

with Turbants and much *Pagan* Pates, he made to
amble in Dust,

heads of *Saracens* he fixt on Spears as on a Sign Post;
coop'd in Cage grim *Bajazet*, prop of *Mahomet's*
Religion,

if he'd been the whispering Bird that prompted
him the Pidgeon;

Turkey leather Scabbard, he did sheath his Blade so
enchant,

George he swing'd the Dragon's Tail, and cut off
every Inch on't;

St. George he was, &c.

Achilles of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horse for to ride
Was taught by th' *Centaurs* rational Parts the Himm
to bestride;

Bright silver Feet and shining Face had the stout
roë's Mother,

As Rapiers silver'd at one end, and wound us at
other;

Her Feet were bright, his Feet were swift as Ha
pursuing Sparrow,

Hers had the Metal, his the Speed of *Brabant's* Sil
Arrow;

Thetis to double Pedagogue commits her dearest Bo
Who bred him from a slender Twig to be the Scout
of *Troy*;

But e'er he lath'd the *Trojans* was, in *Stygian* Wa
sleep,

As Birch is soaked first in Piss when Boys are to
whipt;

His Skin exceeding hard, he rose from Lake so bl
and muddy,

As *Lobsters* rising from the Sea with Shells about t
Body;

And as from *Lobsters* broken Claw, pick out the F
you might,

So might you from one unshell'd Heel dig pieces of
Knight;

His *Myrmidons* robb'd *Priams* Barns, and Hen-Ro
say the Song,

Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants fr
which they sprung;

Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloons, and sent him do
bare breech'd,

To *Pedant Radamanthus* in Posture to be switch'd,
But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd been

witch'd;

St. George he was, &c:

The *Amazon Thalestris* was beautiful and bold,
She fear'd her Breasts with Iron hot, and bang'd
Foes with Cold;

Her hands were likethetool wherewith *Jove* keeps po
Mortals under.

Stone just like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder;

His Eye darts Lightning, that would blast the proudest he that swagger'd,

And melt that Rapier of his Soul, in its corporeal Scabbard;

With Beauty the great *Lapland* charm'd, poor Men she did bewitch all,

As a blind whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her Screech-Owl;

Her Beauty and her Drum to Foe did cause Amazement double,

As timorous Larks amazed are, with Light and with a low Bell;

He kept the Chastness of a Nun, in Armour as in a Cloyster,

As *George* undid the Dragon, just as you'd undo an Oyster;

St. George he was, &c.

As fatal to the *Romans* was the *Carthaginian Hannibal*,

As I mean who did them give a devilish Thump at *Cannæ*,

As thick as Goats on *Penwinmaur* flood on the *Alpes*'s Front,

As their one-ey'd Guide, like blinking Mole, bor'd thro' the hindring Mount;

Who baffled by the massy Rock, took Vinegar for Relief,

As the Plow-men when they hew their way thro' stubborn Rump of Beef;

As dancing Louts from humid Toes, cast atome of ill Savour,

As blinking *Hial* when on vile Croud, he Merriment does endeavour;

And on harmonious Timber saws a wretched Tune so quiver,

As to the *Romans* stunk at sight of *African* Conniver;

As the rawny surface of his Phiz did serve instead of Vizard;

As *George* he made the Dragon have and a grumbling in his Gizard;

St. George he was, &c.

Pendragon, like his Father *Jove*, was fed with Milk
 Goat,
 And like him made a noble Shield of the Goats shag
 Coat ;
 On top of burnish'd Helmet he did wear a Crest
 Leeks,
 And Onions-heads with dreadful Nods, drew To
 down hostile Cheeks ;
 Itch and Welch Blood did make him hot, and v
 prone to ire,
 Was ting'd with Brimstone like a Match, and would
 soon take Fire ;
 And Brimstone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave h
 Occasion,
 His postern puff of wind was a sulphureous Exhalatio
 The *Britain* never tergivers'd, but was for Adve
 drubbing,
 Nor ever turn'd his Back to ought, but to a Post
 Scrubbing ;
 His Sword would serve for Battel, or for Dinner if y
 please,
 When it had slain a *Cheshire Man*, 'twould tost a *Chesh*
 Cheese ;
 He wounded, and in their own Blood did Anabapti
Pagans,
 But *George* he made the Dragon an Example to
 Dragons ;
St. George he was, &c.

Gorgon a twisted Adder wore for Knot upon her Should
 She kemb'd her hissing Periwig, and curling Snakes d
 powder ;
 These Snakes they made stiff Changelings of all M
 that they hiss'd on,
 They turned Barbers into Hones, and Masons into Fre
 stone ;
 Sworded Magnetick *Amazon*, her Shield to Load-sto
 changes,
 The amorous Sword by mystick Belt, clung fast un
 her Hanches ;

This Shield long Village did protect, and kept the Army
from Town,
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks, that came to invade
long Compton ;
The postdiluvian Stone unman, and Pyrrha's Work
unravels,
And stares Deucalions hardy Boys, into their primitive
Pebbles ;
Red Noses she to Rubies turns, and Noddles into Bricks,
But George made the Dragon laxative, and gave him a
bloody Flix ;

St. George he was, &c.

Brave Warwick's Guy at Dinner-time, challeng'd a Giant
Savage,
And straight came out the unweildy Lout, brim full of
Wrath and Cabbage ;
He had a Phiz of Latitude, and was full thick i'th'
middle,
The Cheeks of puffed Trumpeter, and Paunch of Squire
Beadle ;
But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak, and did upon
his Back tread,
The Valiant Guy his Weason cut, and Atropus his Pack-
thread ;
Besides, he fought with a Dun Cow, as say the Poets
Witty,
A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like Dun of Oxford
City ;
The fervent Dog-days made her mad, by casting heat
of Weather,
Sirius and Procyon baited her, as a Bull-dog did her
Father ;
Grassiers nor Butchers this fell Beast, e'er of her Frolick
hinder'd,
John Dorset she'd knock down as flat, as John knocks
down his Kindred ;
Her Heels would lay ye all along, and kick into a
Swoon,
Cow-heels at Frewins keep up your Corps, but here
'twould beat you down ;

She vanquish'd many a sturdy Knight, and proud
 of the Honour,
 Was puff'd by mauling Butchers so, as if themselves
 blown her;
 At once she kick'd and push'd at *Guy*, but all that
 not fright him,
 Who wav'd his Whinyard o'er her Loyn, as if he'd
 to Knight him;
 He let her Blood her Frenzy to cure, and eke he did
 Gall rip,
 His trenchant Blade, like Cooks long Spit, ran thro'
 Monsters bald Rib;
 He rear'd up the vast crook'd Rib, instead of Arch
 umphal,
 But *George* hit th' Dragon such a Pelt, which made
 on his Bum fall;
St. George he was, &c.

Great *Hercules* the Offspring of *Jove*, and fair *Alcme*
 One part of him celestial was, the other part Terrene
 To scale the Walls of's Cradle, two fiery Snakes
 bin'd,
 And just like unto Swadling-Cloaths about the Infan
 twin'd;
 But he put out these Dragons Fires, and did their hiss
 stop,
 As red-hot Iron with hissing noise, is quench'd in Black
 smith's Shop;
 He cleans'd a Stable, and rubb'd down the Horses
 new Comers,
 And out of Horse-dung he rais'd Fame, as *Tom Wren*
 does Cucumbers;
 He made a River help him thro', *Alpheus* was und
 Groom,
 The Stream grumbling at Office mean, ran murm'ring
 thro' the Room?
 This liquid Ostler to prevent being tired with a long
 Work,
 His Father *Neptune*'s strident took, instead of three tooth
 Dung-fork;
 This *Hercules* as Soldier, and as Spinster could take pain
 His Club it would sometimes spin Flax, and sometime
 knock out Brains;

He was fore'd to spin his Mifs a Shift, by *Juno's* Wrath
and her Spite,
his *Omphale* whipt him to his Wheel, as Cooks whip
barking turnspit;
from Man or Churn, he well knew how to get him
lasting Fame,
he'd bathe a Giant till the Blood, and Milk to Butter
came;
then he fought with huge Battoon, and oftentimes he
Boxed,
he'd a fresh Monster once a Month, as *Harvey* doth
fresh Hogthead;
so stiff *Anteus* he gave a Hug, such as Folks give in
Cornwall,
St *George* he did the Dragon kill, as dead as any door
Nail;

St. George he was, &c.

His Valour of *Domitian* it must not be forgotten,
who from the Jaws of worm-blowing Flies, freed sup-
erluciant Veal and Mutton;
his Squadron of Flies Errant, against the Foe-appears,
his Regiment of buzzing Wights, and swarms of
Volunteers;
his Warlike Wasp encourag'd them, with's animating
Hum,
and the loud brazen Hornet he was their Kettle-drum;
his *Spaniard don Cantharido*, did him most sorely pester,
and rais'd on Skin of ventrous Knight full many a pla-
guey Blister;
his Bee whipt thro' his Button-hole, as thro' Key-hole
Witch,
and stabb'd him with a little Tuck, drawn from his
cabbard Breech;
the undaunted Knight lifts up an Arm so big and
rawny,
and slasht her so, that here lay Head, and there lay Bag
of Honey;
in 'mongst the Rout he flew, as swift as Weapons
made by *Cyclops*,
and bravely quell'd seditious Buz, by dint of massy fly-
flaps;

Surviving Flies did Curses Breath, and Maggots too
Cæsar,

But *George* he shav'd the Dragon's Beard, and *Askulap*
 was his Razor;

St. George he was, &c.

The *Gemini* sprung of an Egg, were put into a Cradle
 Their Brains with Knocks and bottl'd Ale, were often
 times full addle;

And scarcely hatch'd these Sons of him, that hurls the
 Bolt trifurcate,

With helmet shell on tender head, did bustle with re
 Ey'd Polecat;

Gastor a Horseman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was I wist,

The one was fam'd for Iron heel, the other for leaden fist

Pollux to shew he was a God, when he was in a passion

Would first make Noses fall down flat, by way of ad
 ration;

This Fist as sure as *French* Disease, demolisht Nose
 ridges, [bridges]

He like a certain Lord, was fam'd for breaking down o

Cæsar the flame of fiery steed, with well spur'd Boog
 took down, [Town]

As Men with leathern Buckets, do quench Fire in

His Famous Horse that liv'd on Oats, is sung on Oate
 quill,

All *Bards* immortal provender the Nag surviveth still

This brood of Eggs on none but rogues, employ'd the
 brisk Artillery,

They flew as naturally at a rogue, as Eggs at Knaves o
 Pillory;

Much sweat they spent in furious flight, much blood the
 did effund,

Their whites they vented thro' their pores, their yolk
 thro' gaping wound;

Then both from blood and dust were cleans'd to make
 heavenly sign,

The lads just like their Armour were scow'r'd and
 hang'd up to shine;

Thus were the heav'nly doub'l'e Dicks, the sons of *Jove*
 and *Tinder*,

But *George* he cut the Dragon up, as't had bin Duc
 or Winder;

St. George he was, &c.

By Boar Spear *Melenger* acquir'd a lasting name,
And out of haunch of basted Swine he hew'd eternal
fame ;
The beast the Heroes Trouzers ript, and rudely shew'd
his bare Breech,
Prickt but the Wem and out there came, Heroick Guts
and Garbadge ;
Legs were secur'd with Iron boots, no more than peas
by peas-cods,
Brass helmets which inclosed Skulls, would crackle in's
mouth like Chesnuts ;
His tawny Hairs erected were, by rage that was resistless,
And wrath instead of Coblers wax, did stiffen his rising
bristles ;
His Tusks lay'd dogs to sleep, that Whip nor Bugle
Horn could wake 'em,
It made them vent both their last blood, and their last
Albumgreum ;
But the Knight gor'd him with his spear, to make of
him a tame one,
And Arrows thick instead of Cloves, he struck in
Monsters gammon ;
For Monumental Pillar, that his Victory might be
known,
He rais'd up in Cylindrick form a Collar of the brawn ;
He sent his shade to shades below, in *Stygian* mud to
wallow,
And eke the stout St. George eftssoon he made the
Dragon follow ;

St. George he was, &c.



A Scotch SONG.



TWas in the Month of *May* Joe, when *Jockey* first
 He luk'd as fair as day too, Gude gin I'd bin his Bride
 With Cole black Eyne and Milk white hand,
 Ife ne'er yet saw the Like;
 I wish I had gin aw my Land,
 Ife ne'er had seen the Tike.

He fix'd his Eyne upon me, with aw the signs of Love
 Ife thought they wou'd gang thro' me, so fiercely tho'
 He tuke me in his eager Arms, (did move)
 Ife made but faint denials;
 Ife then alas found aw his Charms,
 Woe worth such fatal trials.

The Bonny Lad at last *Joe*, was forc'd toll gang away
 But I've had eane stuck fast tho', full Nine Months from
 And now poor *Jenny's* Maiden-head, (that day)
 Shame on't they find its lost;
 The little brat has aw betray'd
 Was ever Lads thus cross'd.

POEM

POEMS,

On Several Occasions.

The FRYER and the MAID.

AS I lay Musing all alone,
A merry Tale I thought upon;
Now listen a while and I will you tell,
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lass well.

He came to her when she was going to Bed,
Desiring to have her Maiden-head;
But she denyed his desire,
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou need'st not doubt,
If thou wert in Hell, I could sing thee out;
Why then, quoth the Maid thou shalt have thy request,
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Nest.

But one thing more I must request,
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire;
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you must me bring.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,
No Money shall part thee and me;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the grey Gown off my Back.

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How she might this Fryer beguile;

When

When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well.

The Fryer came as his bargain was,
With Money unto his bonny Lads;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow quoth she
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and she took the Money,
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey;
Nay, stay a while, some respite make,
If my Master should come he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid, my Master doth come;
Alas! quoth the Fryer where shall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou, quoth she,
For there my Master cannot see.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alas! quoth he, I'm in the Well,
No matter quoth she if thou wert in Hell.

Thou saidst thou could sing me out of Hell,
I prithee sing thy self out of the Well;
Sing out quoth she with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all Night.

The Fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,
Oh! help me out or I shall be Drown'd;
She heard him make such pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was serv'd so before,
Away quoth the Wench, come here no more;
The Fryer he walk'd along the street,
As if he had been a new wash'd Sheep:
Sing hey down a derry, and let's be merry,
And from such Sin ever keep.

And if a new wash'd Sheep
Sing hey down a derry, and let's be merry,
And from such Sin ever keep.

The Virtue of SACK:

By Dr. HEN. EDWARDS.

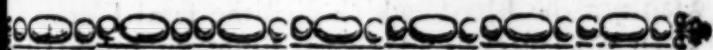
Fetch me *Ben. Johnson's* Skull, and fill't with Sack,
 Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack;
 Jolly Sisters pledg'd, and did agree,
 Was no Sin to be as Drunk as he:
 There be any weakness in the Wine,
 There's virtue in the Cup, to make't divine;
 His muddy drench of Ale does taste too much
 Of Earth, the Mault retains a scurvy touch
 Of the dull Hand that Sows it, and I fear
 There's Heresie in Hops, give *Calvin* Beer:
 And his precise Disciples, such as think
 There's Powder Treason in all *Spanish* drink;
 All Sack an Idol, nor will Kiss the Cup,
 Nor fear their *Conventicle* be blown up
 With Superstition, give to the Brow-house Alms,
 Whose best Mirth is Six Shillings Beer, and Psalms?
 Let me rejoice in sprightly Sack, that can
 Create a Brain, even in an empty Pan,
 Merry! it's thou that dost inspire
 And actuate the Soul with Heavenly fire;
 That thou Sublim'st the Genius making Wit
 Born Earth, and such as love or live by it;
 Thou makest us Lord, of Regions large and fair;
 Whilst our conceits build Castles in the Air:
 Since Fire, Earth, Air, thus thy inferiors be,
 Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee:
 Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!
 Welcome by thee our Muse begins her scapes,
 Such is the worth of Sack, I am (methinks)
 To the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks:
 And do esteem my venerable self
 As brave a Fellow, as if all the pelf
 Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
 Already how to spend it; I would Pay
 No Debts, but fairly empty every Trunk,
 And change the Gold for Sack to keep me Drunk:

And

And so by consequence till rich *Spains* Wine,
 Being in my Crown, the *Indies* too were mine :
 And when my Brains are once a foot (heaven bleſs us
 I think my ſelf a better Man then *Craſus* ;
 And now I do conceit my ſelf a Judge,
 And Coughing Laugh to ſee my Clients trudge
 After my Lordſhip's Coach unto the Hall,
 For Juſtice, and am full of Law withal.
 And do become the Bench as well as He,
 That Fled long ſince for want of Honesty :
 But I'll be Judge no longer tho' in Jeſt,
 For fear I ſhould be talk'd with like the reſt,
 When I am Sober ; who can chuſe but think,
 Me Wiſe, that am ſo wary in my Drink !
 Oh admirable Sack ! here's dainty ſport,
 I am come back from *Weſtmiſter* to Court :
 And am grown young again ; my Piſſick now,
 Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
 Is ſmooth'd, and I turn'd Amorous as *May*,
 When ſhe invites young Lovers forth to play,
 Upon her flow'ry Boſom I could win,
 A Veſtal now, or tempt a Queen to Sin,
 Oh for a ſcore of Queens ! you'd laugh to ſee,
 How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould Ravish me
 Three Goddeſſes were nothing : Sack has tipt
 My Tongue with Charms like thoſe which *Paris* tipt,
 From *Venus* when ſhe taught him how to Kiſs
 Fair *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliſs :
 Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone,
 Would turn *Diana* to a burning Stone :
 Some with amazement, burning with Loves fire,
 Hard, to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.
 Ineſtimable Sack ! thou mak'it us rich,
 Wiſe, Amorous any thing ; I have an itch
 To t'other Cup, and that perchance will make,
 Me Valiant too, and Quarrel for thy ſake ;
 If I be once inflam'd againſt thy Noſe,
 That could Preach down thy worth in Small-beer Proſe,
 I ſhould do Miracles as bad or worſe,
 As he that gave the King an Hundred Horſe.
 T'other odd Cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd,
 To ſnatch at Stars ; and pluck down a reward,

With

With mine own Hands from Jove upon their Backs,
 That are, or Charles's his Enemies, or Sack's,
 Let it be full if I do chance to spill,
 For my Standish by the way, I will,
 Dipping in this diviner Ink my Pen,
 Write my self Sober and fall to't agen.



a Combat of COCKS, the Norfolk, and
 the Wisbich : By Dr. R. W.

O you tame Gallants you that have the Name,
 And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
 That have brave Spurs to shew for't and can Crow,
 And count all Dunghill breed that cannot shew
 Such painted Plums as yours; that think no Vice,
 With Cock-like lust to Tread your Cockatrice:
 Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
 You're not fighting Cocks y'are not for me:
 If two Feather'd Combatants will write,
 That to th' Life means to express the Fight,
 Let make his Ink o'th' Blood which they did spill,
 And from their dying Wings borrow his Quill.

NO sooner were the doubtful People set,
 The Matches made, and all that would had Bet,
 Straight the skilful Judges of the Play,
 Ring forth their sharp heel'd Warriors, and they
 Were both in Linen bags, as if 'twere meet,
 Before they Dy'd to have their Winding sheet.
 With that into th' Pit they are put, and when they were
 Up on their Feet, the Norfolk Chanticleer,
 Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen Foe,
 And like a Challenger begins to Crow,
 And shakes his Wings, as if he would display,
 His warlike Colours which were Black and Gray:
 At that time the wary Wisbich walks and breaths
 In an active Body, and in Fury wreaths.

Hi,

His comely Crest, and often looking down,
 He whets his angry Beak upon the Ground:
 With that they meet, not like the Coward breed
 Of *Æsop*; these can better Fight than Feed:
 They scorn the Dunghil, 'tis their only Prize,
 To dig for Pearl within each others Eyes.
 They Fight so long that it was hard to know,
 To th' skilful whether they did Fight or know,
 Had not the Blood which died the fatal Floor,
 Born witness of it; yet they Fight the more,
 As if each Wound were but a Spur to prick
 Their Fury forward; Lightning's not more quick
 Nor Red then were their Eyes: 'twas hard to know
 Whether it was Blood or Anger made them so:
 And sure they had been out, had not they stood,
 More safe by being fenc'd in by Blood.
 Yet still they Fought but now (alas!) at length
 Altho' their Courage be full try'd their strength
 And Blood began to ebb. You that have seen
 A Warry Combate on the Sea, between
 Two Roaring Angry boyling Billows, how
 They march and meet and dash their curled brows,
 Swelling like Graves as if they did intend
 T' intomb each other, e'er the Quarrel end:
 But when the Wind is down, and Blust'ring weat
 They are made Friends and sweetly run together,
 May think these Champions such; their Blood runs
 And they that leapt before, now scarce can go:
 Their Wings which lately at one Blow they clapt,
 (As if they did Applaud themselves) now flap;
 And having lost the advantage of the Heel,
 Drunk with each others Blood they only Reel.
 From either Eyes such drops of Blood did fall,
 As if they Wept them for their Funeral.
 And yet they fain would Fight, they came so near
 As if they meant into each others Ear
 To whisper Death; and when they cannot rise,
 They lie and look Blows in each others Eyes.
 But now the Tragick part after the Fight,
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it.
 And *Wisbich* lay a Dying so that none,
 Tho' Sober, but might venter Seven to One,

contracting (like a dying Taper) all
his force, as meaning with that Blow to fall;
he struggles up, and having taking Wind,
ventures a Blow and strikes the other Blind.
And now poor Norfolk having lost his Eyes,
lights only guided by Antipathies:
With him (*alas*) the Proverb holds not true,
The Blows his Eyes ne'er saw his Heart must rue.
At length by chance he stumbled on his Foe,
Not having any power to strike a Blow,
He falls upon him with his Wounded Head,
And makes his Conquerors Wings his Feather-bed:
Where lying Sick his Friends were very charie
Of him, and fetcht in hast an Apothecary;
But all in vain his Body did so Blister,
That 'twas incapable of any Glisten;
Therefore at length opening his fainting Bill,
He call'd a Scriv'ner, and thus made his Will.

Primis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Tendly to be Boil'd, and for its Tomb,
Let it be Buried in some hungry Womb:
I am. Executors I will have none,
But he that on my side laid Seven to One:
And like a Gentleman that he might live,
Him and to his Heirs my Comb I give,
Together with my Brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his Brains did use to Crow:
I am. It is my Will to the weaker ones,
Those Wives complain of them, I give my Stones;
To him that's dull I do my Spurs impart;
And to the Coward I bequeath my Heart:
Ladies that are light it is my Will,
My Feathers should be given; and for my Bill
I give't a Taylor, but it is so short,
That I'm afraid he'll rather Curse me for't:
And for the Apothecaries Fee who meant,
I give me a Glisten, let my Rump be sent.
Lastly, because I feel my Life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich Cock the Day.

On a FART

In the Parliament House: By Sir JOHN
SUCKLING.

DOWN came Grave Ancient Sir John Crook,
And read his Message in a Book,
Very well quoth *Will. Norris* is it so,
But Mr. *Pym's* Tayl cry'd no.
Fie, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this Passage.
To have a *Fart* intervolutary in the midst of a mella
Then up starts one fuller of Devotion
Than Eloquence, and said a very ill motion;
Not so neither, quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,
The Motion was good, but for the Stinking;
Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick,
To *Fart* in the Face of the Body Politick;
Sir *Jerome* in Folio swore by the Mass,
This *Fart* was enough to have blown a Glas:
Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the lesser such an abuse,
Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.
Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Justice i'th' *Quorum*,
Would tak't in Snuff to have a *Fart* let before him;
If it would bear an Action, quoth Sir *Thomas Holcroft*
I would make of this *Fart* a Bolt or a Shaft;
Then quoth Sir *John More*, to his great Commendation
I will speak to this House in my wonted fashion,
Now surely says he, for as much as how be it,
This *Fart* to the Serjeant we must commit.
No, quoth the Serjeant, low bending his Knees,
Farts oft will break Prisons, but never Pay Fees:
Besides this Motion with small reason stands,
To charge me with what I cant keep in my Hands:
Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas so readily let,
I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet.
Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it but Bury it with Sweetwood,
Grave Senate, quoth *Duncomb*, upon my Salvation
This *Fart* stands in need of some great Reformation.

Quo

quoth Mr. Cartwright, upon my Conscience,
 would be reform'd with a little Frankincence.
 quoth Sir Roger Aston, it would much mend the matter,
 this Fart were Shaven and wash'd with Rose-water,
in verbum Principis, how dare I tell it,
 Fart by here-say and not see it nor Smell it.
 am glad quoth Sir Sam. Lewknor, we have found a thing,
 that no Tale-bearer can carry it to the King.
 such a Fart as this was never seen,
 quoth the Learned Council of the Queen.
 et, quoth Sir Hugh Beeson, the like hath been
 set in a Dance before the Queen.
 then said Mr. Leak, I have a president in store,
 his Father Farted last Sessions before.
 Bill must be drawn, then quoth Sir John Bennet,
 for a selected Committee quickly to Pen it.
 Why quoth Dr. Crompton, no Man can draw,
 this Fart within the Compass of the Civil Law :
 quoth Mr. Jones, by the Law't may be done,
 being a Fart intayl'd from Father to Son ;
 a troth, quoth Mr. Brook, this Speech was no lye,
 this Fart was one of your *Post Nati* :
 quoth William Paddy, he dares assure 'em,
 tho' 'twere *Contra Modestiam*, 'tis not *præter Naturam* :
 besides by the Aphorisms of my Art,
 had he not been deliver'd h'ad been sick of a Fart.
 Then quoth the Recorder, the mouth of the City,
 to have smother'd that Fart had been great pitty.
 it is most certain, quoth Sir Humphry Bentwizzle,
 that a round Fart is better than a stinking Fizzle.
 Have Patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir Francis Bacon.
 There's none of us all but may be mistaken :
 Why right quoth the Great Attorney I confess,
 The Eccho of ones A — is remediless.

*The GENEVA Ballad:**By the Author of HUDIBRAS.*

OF all the *Fashions* in the Town,
 Mov'd by *French Springs* on *Flemish Wheels*,
 None treads Religion upside down,
 Or tears *Pretences* out at Heels,
 Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
 Whole Conscience might be scan'd perhaps,
 By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
 Counting his Actions all Divine,
 Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
 And if occasion serves can whine;
 Nay he can Bellow, bray, or bark,
 Was ever *like a Beuk* learn'd Clerk,
 That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark.

To draw in Proselytes like Bees,
 With *pleasing Twang*, he tones his Prose;
 He gives his Handkerchief a squeez,
 And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Nose:
 Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
 With *Slip-socking Similitudes*,
 Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
 And *Treason* had a fine new Name;
 When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
 And Pulpits did like Beacons flame:
 When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
 And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
 This *Gospel Comet* first appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd,
 His Sov'reign Leige of Power and Land:
 And having smote his Master, slip'd
 His Sword into his Fellows hand.

But he that wears his Eyes may Note
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to Cut her Throat.

Poor England felt his Fury then,
Weigh'd Queen Mary's many grains;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than Bonner's Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With Dog-star Zeal and Lungs like Boreas,
He fought and taught, and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him Glorious.

Yet drew for King and Parliament;
If the Wind could stand North South,
Broke Moses's Law with blest intent,
Further'd and then he wip'd his mouth,
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Aethiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins,
Rally upon the Saints in Swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins,*
Whispers. *Boys stand to your Arms,*
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and Multitude.

Magistrates he regards no more,
Than St. George or the Kings of Colen;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-Wives wind their dead in Wollen,
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-bear'd Goff,*
And makes his Power as meer a Scoff,
As *Dagon* when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Now my Hearts, beware of ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die.
Thus make domestick Broils at home.

How quietly Great CHARLES might Reign,
Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,
And Preach down Popery in Spain. The

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
 There's no dissention in the Sky :
 And can there be a Mean betwixt
 Confusion and Conformity ?

A Place divided never thrives :
 'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
 But worse where Children play with Knives.

I would as soon turn back to Mass,
 Or change my phrase to *thee* and *thou* ;
 Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,
 And his Priests milk me like a Cow :
 As buckle to *Smetymnuan* Laws,
 The bad effects o'th' Good Old Cause,
 That have Dove's Plumes, but Vulture's Claw

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that Nurs'd
 The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew ;
 Foul Errors motly Vesture first
 Was Coated in a Northern Blue.
 And what's th' Enthusiastick breed,
 Or Men of *Knipperdolin's* Creed,
 But Cov'nanters run up to Seed ?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
 And make boast of their Innocence :
 There cannot be so vile a thing,
 But may be colour'd with Pretence,
 Yet when all's said, one thing I'll Swear,
 No Subject like the Old Cavalier,
 No Traitor like *Jack* —

A P R O L O G U E.

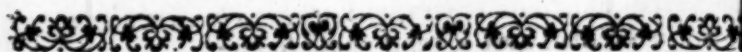
By Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

EE, *Britains*, see, one half before your Eyes,
Of the old *Falstaff*, lab'ring to arise;
He on the strait lac'd Traps, and *French* Machines,
He but a Genius can ascend these Scenes.

Once more my *English* Air I breath again,
I smooth my double Ruff, and double Chin;
Let me see what Beauties gild the Sphere,
My o'me, the Ladies still are Fair:
The Boxes shine, and Galleries are full,
There were our *Bona Roba's* at the *Bull*;
Supream *Jove*! what washy Rogues are here,
These the Sons of Beef and *English* Beer?
Pharaoh never dream'd of Kine so lean,
He comes of meagre Soop and sour *Champeign*;
Generate Race, let your old Sire advise,
You desire to fill the Fair one's Eyes,
Ask unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aspire to humble Bliss,
I proudly aim no lower than a Kiss;
I quite worn out with acting Beau's and Wits,
I'm all sent crawling to the Gravel-pits:
Lying Claps, there languishing you lie,
Like the Maids, of the Green-sickness die:
My Case was other when we rul'd the Roast,
I robb'd and ravish'd, but you sigh and toast.

At here I see a side Box better lin'd,
There old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
They're but Turn-spits of the Mastiff kind.
I bred they seem, mark'd with the Mungril Curse,
Which amongst you dare attempt a Purse?
You'd appear my Sons, defend my Cause,
Let my Wit and Humour meet Applause:

Shew you disdain those nauseous Scenes to tast,
 Where *French* Buffoons like honest *Switzer* dress,
 Turns all good Fellowship to Farce and Jest.
 Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage,
 Let Mimicks and squeaking Eunuchs feel your Rage
 On such let your descending Scourge be try'd,
 Preserve plump *Jack*, and banish all beside.



Richmond W E L L S.

By *Mr.* H E R B E R T.

BLANDUSIA! Nymph of this fair Spring,
 Appear, while we your Vertues sing;
 While swelling Notes do raise your Name,
 And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.

See! round your Wells we thronging stand,
 Now gentle wave your Sacred Wand,
 And touch the yielding Mountain's Brow,
 And let your healing Waters flow.

They cure the thinking Matrons Spleen,
 The longing Virgin's sickly Green;
 Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,
 And purge a raving Poet's Brains.

You mingle with 'em purest Air,
 Which streams from Hills that touch the Sky;
 That spacious Valley yield the Fair,
 Which feeds the vast luxurious Eye.

The greatest Dainties here we see!
 Delicious Villa's sweetest Groves;
 Each thing in full Maturity,
 Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

rich what Varieties the bright,
 the noble *Thames* regales the Sight!
 ever'd with Barks which Plenty brings,
 the sweets of *Zephyr's* laden Wings.

gliding by *Elysian* Fields,
 frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields;
 and those so near fair watry Plains,
 there ride such royal Fleets of Swains.

two chiefs I've seen with pleasing Pain,
 long and bloody Fight maintain;
 tossed and under Sail like *Jove*,
 stemming the stronger Tide of Love.



The Inspir'd P O E T:

the Power of LOVE. Sent in a Letter, from a
 mean Person to a COUNTESS.

READ, fairest of the Graces, read my Lines,
 Thou, that so justly with that Title shines;
 Love's soft Fire by degrees diffuse,
 and warm your snowy Breast as you peruse:
 the *Pierian* Sisters do approve,
 one of all the Nine disdains my Love;
 Thousand beauteous Nymphs have sought my Bed,
 Thousand Girls challeng'd the Vows I made:
Galatea were despis'd by me,
 soon as I had hopes of bedding thee;
 and if thou wilt thy sacred Poet Wed,
 the *Muses* shall adorn the Bridal-Bed:
Jove shall strike his high resounding Wire,
 and great *Apollo* touch his softer Lyre;

Clio shall be thy Hand-maid, and for State,
 The *Graces* in thy Bed-chamber shall wait:
 But least you should my Love contemn or jeer,
 Something I have to whisper in your Ear;
 On Mount *Parnassus* I've a little Farm,
 'Twill match thy Portion, so there is no harm:
 Here Ivy Lawrels grow, which crown my Theams,
 And Wit's still flowing in my purling Streams;
 From hence, the Glories of the World you see,
Parnassus Tops are *Paradise* to me:
 My way to Heaven's short, *Pegasus* flies,
 And, free as Air, soon mounts me to the Skies;
Minerva has a noble Seat near mine,
 So has *Apollo*, so the sacred Nine:
 Then all the Poets my Companions are,
 They, and sweet Musick, still my Spirits cheer:
Homer and *Virgil* in their turns rehearse,
 The two great Masters in Heroick Verse:
 The Satyrift diverts, when scourging Knaves,
 And sometimes he corrects my pilf'ring Slaves;
 Dear *Horace* makes me smile my Spleen at height,
 His tickling *Muse* oft makes me laugh out-right:
Museus, *Hero* and *Leander* sings,
 And *Hesiod's* Verse relate most wondrous things;
Maro, *Theocritus* Pastoral refines,
Pythagoras's Morals draws in golden Lines:
 Blind aged *Homer* bloody Battles writes,
 Whilst youthful *Ovid Billet-deux* indites;
 And *Mercury* from *Phæbus* came just now,
 And brought these Lawrel Branches for thy Brow:
 From *Nisa's* top, he's now a calling thee,
 And summons all the Tribe of Poesie;
 A Banquet for you Poets does prepare,
 And rich old *Nectar* crowns the Bill of Fare:
 You've Water from the clear *Pegasean* Fount,
 And thou shalt sleep on quiet *Cyrrha's* Mount;
 Here Verse runs streaming from the sacred Spring,
 And when thou wak'st, thou wilt like *Ennius* sing:
Orpheus, *Arion* will be here and Play,
 And all the Nymphs and Satyrs the Hay;
 This *Mercury* did grant at my desire,
 And I will add thee to the *Muses* Choir:

With Goddesses, thy Sociates, shalt thou play,
 They shall be Bride-maids on the Wedding-day;
Clio and all her Sisters I'll invire,
Minerva too, shall throw the Hose at Night.

Divine *Apollo* late did visit me,
 My Cottage seem'd to please his Deity;
 My Lawrel Crown was sent me by that God,
 And *Mercury* for Sceptre left his Rod:
 My House is on the Fam'd *Parnassus* Hill,
 Where my two Steeds, of *Nectar* drink their fill;
 A King I am, in *Phocis* reign, and sit
 On Great *Tibullus* Throne, that Prince of Wit:
Cyrus's the Kingdom, that's design'd for thee,
 And when we Bed, thou shalt be Queen of me;
 And when the Ivy Wreath's fix'd on thy Brow,
 The Nymphs shall frown and envy as they bow:
 In the same Chariot thou shalt with me ride,
 And *Pegasus* himself shall draw my Bride.
 He'll carry thee my Spouse, up to the Skies,
 Thou shalt be *Pallas* as the Chariot flies.

As *Phabus* through the World does dart his Rays,
 And from the Throne his Lucid Realms surveys;
 So through the Orbs, my Verse refulgent shines,
 All shall be full of my most dazling Lines:
 My Fame shall last, Ages to come shall know it,
 The self-same Day shall end the *Sun* and *Poet*:
 Romantick Flames shall burn the Starry Plain,
 And Earth and Seas be *Chaos* once again:
 My Verse shall on the Gen'ral Pile expire,
 Mine and the World's, one Flame shall set on Fire:
 Angels shall mourn the Fate of this World's Frame,
 And snatch my Works from the devouring Flame.
 The droffy part of Earth, of Verse consumes,
 The best Remains ascend in hallowed Fumes:
 From Thunder, Lightning, are my Verses safe,
 The pointed Flame wont touch a Lawrel Leaf;
 The Teeth of Time, or Envy, or her Tongue,
 Have not the Power to do my Verses wrong:
 Then don't thy Lawrell'd Lover now refuse,
 Thou, dearer to me, than the dearest *Muse*.

Ex Parnasso.

J. P.

Q 3

To

To chuse a Friend, but never Marry. By
Earl of ROCHESTER.

TO all young Men that love to Wooc,
To Kifs and Dance, and Tumble too ;
Draw near and Counfel take of me,
Your faithful Pilot I will be :
Kifs who you please, *Joan, Kate, or Mary,*
But still this Counfel with you carry,

Never Marry

Court not a Country Lady, she
Knows not how to value thee ;
She hath no am'rous Passion, but
What *Tray*, or *Quando* has for *Slut* :
To Lick, to Whine, to Frisk, or Cover,
She'll suffer thee, or any other,

Thus to Love her

Her Daughter she's now come to Town,
In a rich Linsy Woolsey Gown,
About her Neck a valued Prize,
A Necklace made of Whittings Eyes :
With Lift for Garters 'bove her Knees,
And Breath that smells of Firmity,

's not for the

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a care,
For if they catch you in their Snare ;
You must as daily Labourers do,
Be still a shoving with your Plow :
If any rest you do require,
They then deceive you of your Hire,

And retire

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
Are scarcely worth your throwing down ;
For when you have possession got,
Of *Venus Mark*, or *Hony-pot* :

There

There's such a stir with marry me,
That one would half forswear to see

Any she.

If that thy Fancy do desire,
A glorious out-side, rich Attire;
Come to the Court, and there you'll find,
Enough of such to Please your Mind:
But if you get too near their Lap,
You're sure to meet with the Milhap,

Call'd a Clap.

With greasy painted Faces drest,
With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breast;
Tongues with Dissimulation tipt,
Lips which a Million have them sipp'd:
There's nothing got by such as these,
But Achs in Shoulders, Pains in Knees

For your Feet.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be,
Concern'd in VVomans Company:
Make it the Studies of thy Life,
To find a Rich, young, handsome VVife:
That can with much discretion be
Dear to her Husband, kind to thee,

Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
Ten Thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss;
And in th' Embraces of her VVast,
A Million more of Pleasures taste:
VVho e'er would Marry that could be
Blest with such Opportunity,

Never me.



The Well-Featur'd L A D Y.

THERE are I know, Fools that do not care
 Much for the Body, so the Face be fair;
 Some other Asses in a Female Creature,
 Respect no Beauty, but a handsome Feature:
 Each Man his Humour hath, and faith 'tis mine,
 To love a Woman that I now define:
 First, I would have her wrinkl'd Wainscot Face,
 With Mouth from Ear to Ear, much like a Plaiice;
 Her Nose I'd have a Foot long, not above,
 With Pimples red and blue, for such I love:
 And at the End a comely Pearl of Snot.
 Confid'ring whether it should fall or not;
 Provided next her Teeth be rotted out,
 I care not if her pretty pearly Snout
 Meet with her Chin, and both of them together,
 Hem in her Lips, as dry as is tann'd Leather:
 She should have one Wall-eye, for that's a Sign
 In other Beasts the best, why not in mine?
 Let her Eye-brows be a Pent-house to her Face,
 With Hair two Inches long, for th' better Grace:
 Her Neck I'd have to be pure Jet at least,
 With yellow Spots enamell'd, and her Breast
 Shrivell'd like two old Bottles made of Leather,
 Yet they should loving be and stick together.
 As for her Belly, 'tis no matter so
 There be a Belly, and a Thing below;
 Yet would I have it to be something high,
 But always let there be a Tympany:
 Into her Legs let her good Humours fall,
 And all her Calf into a gouty Small:
 Her Feet both short and thick, and neatly splay'd,
 Here's the Character of a handsome Maid;
 As for her back Parts, I desire no more,
 If they but answer those that are before:
 I have what I desire; and having so,
 Judge Reader, am I happy, yea, or no?

On a W O L F Sentenc'd.

T H E Country People once a Wolf did take,
 That of their Sheep and Lambs did havock make;
 Some Voted that he should be Crucify'd,
 Others would have him in the Fire be fry'd:
 Some to be hew'd in Pieces with a Sword,
 And to be thrown to Dogs to be devour'd:
 Among the rest, one who unlucky Fate,
 Had doom'd to th' Troubles of a married State;
 The common Lot of Men) oh! Friends (says he)
 Lay by your Forks, and Ropes that knotty be,
 The Sword, the Fire, the Guns, the Cross, the Whips,
 Are but slight Tortures, I have one out-strips
 All those, if you would punish him to th' Life,
 Fit for his Crimes, then *let him Wed a Wife.*

Round O.

B E T T E R our Heads than Hearts should ake,
 Love's Childish Empire we despise:
 Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
 And force a Lover to be Wise:
 Wine sweetens all the Cares of Peace,
 And takes the Terror off from War;
 To Love's Affliction it gives ease,
 And to our Joys does best prepare.
Better our Heads, &c.

By

By CLEVELAND.

IF you will be still,
Then tell you I will
Of a fusty old *Gill*,
That dwells under a Hill:
She is a right Sage,
Well worn with Age,
And a Visage will swage
A stout Man's Courage.

She has a beetle Brow,
Deep Furrows enow,
She's Ey'd like a Sow,
Flat Nos'd like a Cow:
She has a devilish Grin,
Long Hairs on her Chin,
She's nearly a-kin
To the foul footed Fiend.

Teeth yellow as Box,
Half out with the Pox,
Her Breath sweet as Socks,
Or the Scent of a Fox:
Lips swarthy and Dun,
With a Mouth like a Gun,
And her Twattle does run,
As swift as the Sun.

Hair lousie with Nits,
She stinks i'th' Arm-pits,
She still hawks and spits,
And hems up great Bits:
She has long unpar'd Nails,
Hands cover'd with Scales,
She's still full of Ails,
And to stink never fails.

Her Back has a Hill,
 You may plant a Wind-mill,
 And the Farts of this *Gill*,
 Would the Sails well trill:
 I've taken my fill,
 Of the fusty old *Gill*,
 Which she took so ill,
 That I laid down my Quill.

On the Battle of **BLLENHEIM.**

Display the Standard, let the News be shown,
 With *Salvo's* raise the Genius of the Town:
 Old *Thames*, he Corresponds, and best can tell
 What Pow'rs caus'd Imperial *Danube* swell,
 And turn a Purple Stream, a Sea of Blood;
 No Fields thus overflown since *Cannus's* Flood?
 A Victory, says *Danubius*, so Compleat,
 Sure the Hero sprung from *Thamisis* the Great.

Ring, ring *Britannia's* Arms, her Shield and Spear,
 The Glories of this weighty Conquest bear;
 Ring to the Harp, tun'd in *Thessaligon* Grove,
 That Harp which us'd to cheer the Bird of *Jove*.
 Erect the Trophy-Pillar, raise it high,
 The Spoils wou'd mount it to the very Sky.
Europ's Palladium strikes the Giant down,
 Who wars with Heaven, must be overthrown.

Bring, bring the Chariot, and Triumphal Crown,
 And March the Captive-Army thro' the Town;
 The Banners, Ensigns, let those Trophies fall
 Before the Standard of the Capital;
 Then Plant 'em on the Banks of *Thames*, and there
 Let 'em all grow like *Romulus's* Spear.
 The Stream in *Tempe's* Valley never had,
 In *Daphne's* Reign a Nobler Laurel Shade.

The Power of Gold

ON Verse depending, *Orpheus* urg'd his Flight
 Down to *Tartarian* Shades, and dreary Night
 There with unequal Harmony he try'd,
 To sooth grim *Pluto* and regain his Bride:
 Won by his Strains, the God till then unmov'd,
 Pity'd the Bard, and his request approv'd;
 Acknowledg'd Poetry's prevailing Charms,
 And gave the Fair into her Husband's Arms.
 Transported *Orpheus* hasted to convey,
 His willing Consort to the Realms of Day:
 But whilst too soon he cast his longing Eyes,
 Thoughtless upon his new recover'd Prize,
 The hapless Dame was ravish'd from his Sight,
 Depriv'd again of *Orpheus* and the Light,
 And reconvey'd to Hell and Melancholick Night.
 Again his Harp the lonesom Poet strung,
 Again employ'd the Music of his Tongue;
 But all in vain: Those lays which mov'd before,
 Have lost their Influence, and prevail no more.

Mistaken *Orpheus*! Didst thou vainly hold
 Thy Skill superiour to the pow'r of Gold?
 Hadst thou for Gold but quitted luckless Verse,
 Tempted his Eyes and not engag'd his Ears;
 The God had soon revers'd his late decree,
 And once more bless'd thee with *Euridice*.

When amorous *Jove* made *Danaë* his Care,
 And left his Heav'n to gain that earthly Fair;
 He call'd not weaker Numbers to his Aid,
 But with the yellow Metal try'd the Maid:
 She wou'd have heard unmov'd Poetick Charms,
 Sunk pleas'd into the glittering Lover's Arms.

Numbers which once but seldom fail'd to move,
 And fire the coldest Beauty into Love;
 Strange turn of Fate! are now an empty Name,
 And cannot kindle nor preserve a Flame:
 Whilst Gold Monopolizes Female Hearts,
 And Love with this curs'd Metal tips his Darts.
 'Tis Gold that makes us Happy, makes us Wise,
 This the defect of Wit and Form supplies:

Gold your Merits plead with her you love,
 Who once as *Pallas* Coy, she'll kind as *Venus* prove.

'Twas this that stopt fair *Atalanta's* Pace:

'Twas this that gave *Hyppomenis* the Race:

Had all thy Sparks, *Penelope*, with this,

Wg'd thee to crown their Hopes with lasting Bliss;

Thou betwixt widdow'd Sheets no Night hadst led,

And they by turns had shar'd the wand'ers Bed:

They try'd not Gold, or if its Force they try'd,

The Story's false; *Penelope* comply'd.

If now a Bard in midnight Numbers moves,

For entrance to the Nymph he dearly loves.

Perhaps some mony'd Coxcomb Wits despair,

Which enjoys the mercenary Fair;

And both combine to mock the needy Poets Care.

Were *Ovid's* self the power of Verse to prove,

With all his soft Philosophy of Love,

Anding no *Julia* with its Charms comply,

He'd quit his *Art of Love*, to hug the Remedy.

Cease then Harmonious few, with Female Cares,

To prostitute the Majesty of Verse:

Let Wine instead of Love your Fancy raise,

And *Venus* yield to *Bacchus* in your Lays:

For if your Breast sufficient Fury warms,

Epic strains record great *Churchill's* Arms.

For if of Woman you vouchsafe to Write,

Invoke none other Deity but spite,

Unjur'd Poetry's defence engage.

And make its bold Insulters feel thy Rage.

Let flattery's Varnish be no more inclin'd;

More to Female Imperfections blind:

Where a Woman in your work might shine,

With cutting Satyr sharpen every Line:

Let Errors in severest Terms express,

And paint her Vices in their proper Dress:

Let Pride and Falshood, Avarice and Scorn

That she must hate the Piece she can't but own.

Thus with the Sex a vig'rous War maintain,

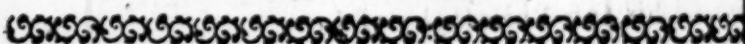
Let Wealthy Ideots meet their sure Disdain,

And long neglected Verse its antient Sway regain.

An EPIGRAM

On the Prosperous Reign of Queen ELIZABETH
and our present Queen ANN.

SURE Heavens unerring Voice, decreed of Old,
The fairest Sex shou'd *Europe's* Ballance hold;
As great *Eliza's* Forces humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now stoops, to *ANN's* Superiour Reign:
Thus tho' proud *Jove* with Thunder fills the Sky,
Yet in *Astrea's* Hand, the fatal Scale does lie.



On the Duke of Marlborough's Victory, at
BLENHEIM.

THE Conquering Genius of our Isle returns,
Inspir'd by *ANN*, the God-like Heroe burns;
Retrieves the Fate, our Ill-led Troops had lost,
And spreads reviving Virtue thro' the Host:
In distant Climes the wand'ring Foe alarms,
And with new Thunder, *Austria's* Eagle Arms;
The *Danube's* Banks forgetting *Cesar's* Fame,
Shall Eccho to the sound of *Marlborough's* Name:
The Shepherd's Pipes rejoice o'er *Gallick* Blood,
Which with eternal Purple stain the Flood.



Imitation of the Sixth ODE of HORACE, beginning, Scriberis vario fortis. Apply'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough: Suppos'd to be made by Capt. R. S.

THOU'D *Addison's* Immortal Verse,
Thy Fame in Arms, great Prince rehearse;
With *ANNA's* lightning you'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in *VVar*:
Repeat the proud *Bavarian's* fall!
And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*.

'Tis not for me thy *VVroth* to show,
To lead *Achilles* to the Foe;
Describe stern *Diomed* in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to Flight:
Dare not with unequal Rage,
Engage in such a mighty Theam;
For *Sully* in a Verse like mine,
Illustrious *ANNA's* Praise, and Thine.

Let the laborious *Epick* strain,
In lofty Numbers sing the Man;
That bears to distant *VVorlds* his Arms,
And frights the *German* with alarms:
His Courage and his Conduct tell,
And on his various Virtues dwell;
A trifling Cares my humble Muse,
A less Ambitious Tract pursues:
Instead of Troops in Battle mixt,
And *Gauls* with *British* Spears transfixt;
He Paints the soft Distress and Mein,
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From the gay Noise affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair;
A slender stock of Fame I raise,
And draw from others Faults, my Praise.

An Old KNIGHT, to a Young LADY. By Sir J. B.

MADAM, your Beauty, I confess,
 May our youhg Gallants wound or blefs;
 But cannot warm my frozen Heart,
 Not capable of Joy or Smart:
 Cause neither VVit, nor Looks, nor Kindness can
 Make Young a superanuated Man.

Those Sparks that every Minute fly
 From your bright Eyes do falling die;
 Not kindle Flames, as heretofore,
 Because Old, I can love no more:
 Beauty on whither'd Hearts no Trophy gains,
 Nor Tinder over-us'd no Fire retains.

If you'll endure to be admir'd
 By an Old Dotard new inspir'd;
 You may enjoy the Quintessence
 Of my past Love without Expençe:
 For I can wait and prate, I thank my Fate,
 I can do all, but no new Fire create.

